SATURDAY E

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AT SUNSET.

A lake of color above us,
And a lake of color below;
Under the dust of oven,
With the quiet beach aglow;
The day was shivering its arrows
And tilting against the west,
With a rainbow thrown out for a pennant,
And a cloud for a lance in rest!

The amber tide of sunlight,
Grew rose-flushed where it broke,
And burned, in rare, strange blendings,
That God's own hand awoke.
He was hanging the western portals
With the purple of a king;
When day's chariot wheels rolled through them,
We could see the great gates swing.

And behind us, dumbly clinging,
Where the hills in kingly rest,
And they gathered opal splendors
Up each wooded side and crest.
At our feet was the restless moaning
Of the waves against the shore,
While the earth spilled out its sunshine,
Like a chalic running o'er.

And I thought "the ninth a topaz,"
And "the twelfth an amethyst"—
The foundation of that city,
That a tideless ocean kissed.
And I knew the gold and purple
That we looked upon grew dim
To those walls before whose glory
Stand veiled saint and cherubim.

And the portal seemeth nearer,
And that tide sets toward our night;
And those pulsing waves of color
Only hide God's face from sight!
And I thought of the unseen glory
Of that city's perfect calm,
Of that grander shore whose tide waves
Chant a never-ending psalm.

And though years and cares divide us,
Though our hearts should lose their truth,
Though our hands, apart, drop empty,
Folded early in their youth,
At God's twilight time, when nearer
Rolls that tide that must be past,
On the shore again at even
Shall we meet—we two—at last?

THE WHITE SQUAW.

A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.—(*Continued.*)

"Who was with the negro?" demanded Wacora.

"His master," repeated Marocota.

"Warren Rody?"

Marocota nodded.

"I heard their talk," he said.

"What did they say?" asked the young chief.

"At first, I could not hear—they spoke in whispers. After a time they grew angry. Warren abused Crookleg and struck him. The black man uttered a fierce oath and leaped over the wall of the fort at the side opposite to where I lay hid."

"Did you hear their conversation before they quarrelled?"

"I heard the pale-face say Crookleg had only half done his errand and must return to complete it. The black refused. It was then the other got angry and struck him."

"This is very strange, Marocota. It is some treachery I cannot understand. The negro must be found and questioned!"

"Well, Massa Injun, dat ain't hard to do. He, he, he!"

Had the fiend of darkness himself arisen between the two Indians, they could not have been more startled than when these words were uttered in their ears, for it was Crookleg who spoke.

The darkey appeared delighted at the effect his sudden appearance had created, and continued for some time to chuckle in great glee.

"Yas! here be de 'dentical nigga wot you was a' wishin' for. You hab found him 'ithout gwin far. He, he, he!"

Wacora turned sternly towards him.

"And having found you, wretch, I mean to keep you till I've made you speak the truth."

"De trufe, Massa Injun, am what dis ole nigga always 'peak. He can't help it, knse it comes so nat'ral to him. Trufe an' innocence is dis chile's on'y riches, tank heaven!"

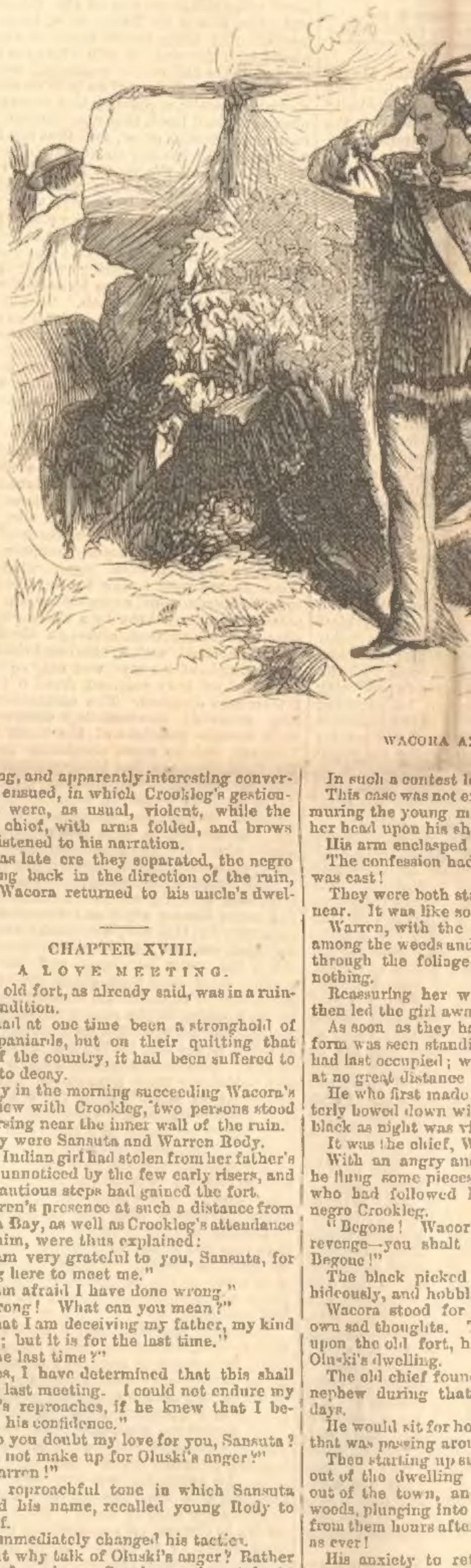
The look which accompanied this impious speech was almost diabolical.

Wacora cut him short in an attempt to continue his speech, by a command instantly to make known what Warren Rody wanted, with what message he had been charged, and to whom.

Crookleg, however, was not easily taken at a disadvantage.

"Well, Massa Injun, I don't mind tellin' you some'ting, but I don't like talkin' afore other folk. You send dis indiwiddle away," pointing to Marocota, "an' ole Crook 'll tell you all about it. He meant to do so, when he comed here so sudden."

With a sign the chief dismissed Marocota, and telling the black to follow, led him a little distance further from the town.



WACORA A

A long, and apparently interesting conversation ensued, in which Crookleg's gesticulations were, as usual, violent, while the young chief, with arms folded, and brows knit, listened to his narration.

It was late ere they separated, the negro hobbling back in the direction of the ruin, while Wacora returned to his uncle's dwelling.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LOVE MEETING.

The old fort, as already said, was in a ruinous condition.

It had at one time been a stronghold of the Spaniards, but on their quitting that part of the country, it had been suffered to fall into decay.

Early in the morning succeeding Wacora's interview with Crookleg, two persons stood conversing near the inner wall of the ruin.

They were Sansuta and Warren Rody.

The Indian girl had stolen from her father's house unnoticed by the few early risers, and with cautious steps had gained the fort.

Warren's presence at such a distance from Tampa Bay, as well as Crookleg's attendance upon him, were thus explained:

"I am very grateful to you, Sansuta, for coming here to meet me."

"I am afraid I have done wrong."

"Wrong! What can you mean?"

"That I am deceiving my father, my kind father; but it is for the last time."

"The last time?"

"Yes, I have determined that this shall be our last meeting. I could not endure my father's reproaches, if he knew that I betrayed his confidence."

"Do you doubt my love for you, Sansuta? Will it not make up for Oluski's anger?"

"Warren!"

The reproachful tone in which Sansuta uttered his name, recalled young Rody to himself.

He immediately changed his tactics.

"But why talk of Oluski's anger? Rather speak of my love. Surely you do not doubt it?"

The Indian maiden heaved a sigh.

"Sansuta does not doubt you, but she is unhappy."

"Unhappy! Why?"

"Because an Indian girl would make but a poor wife to a white gentleman."

A strange smile crossed the young man's face. He did not, however, interrupt her.

"If Sansuta cared for you less, she would not have been here this morning; she would not have seen you again."

"Come, come, dearest, you alarm yourself without reason. Need I keep telling you how much I love you—how I have always loved you? Have we not grown up together? What more natural than love like mine?"

"But your father—"

"He will not object. Why should he? Is he not Oluski's best friend?"

"Yes, they are friends, but still—"

Warren saw that the girl was nervous and alarmed. He lost no time in reassuring her.

"And, after all, dearest, we need not tell them of our love until we are sure of their consent. In the meantime, let us think only of ourselves. You have not yet told me what I longed to hear."

"What is that?"

"The whispering assurance that your heart is mine!"

A painful struggle was evidently taking place in the maiden's breast. Filial duty and self-reproach contended with that feeling, nurtured by the soft blandishments of the scoundrel by her side.

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Upon its table-top

The
EVENING POST.

URDAY, AUGUST 22, 1868. Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. Whole Number Issued, 2456.

ND CROOKLEG.

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his manner until the migration of the tribe Oluski's surprise, Wa- tention to accompany them he went.

ER XIX.

D SCENE.

rise was in store for the is tribe. as if petrified, when ght of the well-known

, and visible for miles around, stood a frame mansion, in all the glitter of fresh paint.

When Oluski first saw it, he uttered an exclamation of agonized anger, at the same time clutching hold of Wacora's arm—but for its friendly support he would have fallen to the ground.

"Look, Wacora; look yonder! What is it we see?"

As he spoke, he passed his hand across his eyes to shade off the sun.

No; they had not deceived him; there was no glamor over them. The sun's beams were shining brightly upon a house.

His nephew looked sadly into the old man's face, fervently pressing his hand. He dared not trust himself to speak.

"And this is the act of a friend. So much for my blind faith in the traitor's deceitful words. May the curse of the Great Spirit fall on him and his!"

Wacora added—"Yes; may both be accursed!"

Then drawing his uncle away from the contemplation of the painful sight, he conducted him to a neighboring grove of oaks, the tribe halting near the spot.

A council of the chief men was instantly called, and a plan of action resolved on.

Oluski and Wacora were commissioned to visit the white settlement, and demand the reason for this scandalous usurpation.

The Indians proceeded no farther.

That night they encamped upon the spot where they had halted, and early the next morning the two chiefs departed on their mission.

As they approached the hill another surprise awaited them.

Surrounding it was a strong wooden stockade, with substantially-built block-houses at regular distances from each other. Behind the palisading men were seen, as if watching the approach, and ready to receive them in a hostile manner.

"See!" cried Wacora, "they are prepared for our reception. The robbers have determined to maintain themselves in their stolen possession."

"Yes, yes! I see. But let us not act rashly. We will first make an appeal in the name of justice. If they refuse that, then we must prove ourselves worthy the blood in our veins!—worthy of our ancestors! Oh, I would rather be lying among them in yonder graveyard, than that this should have arisen! The fault has been mine, and upon me let fall the punishment. Come on!"

They reached the central block-house, and were summoned to a halt by one of the settlers, who, gun in hand, stood by the entrance.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

Oluski answered—

"White man! go tell your governor that Oluski the Seminole chief, would speak with him."

The sentinel answered sharply—

"The governor is not here. He is at his house, and cannot be disturbed."

Wacora's hand clutched his tomahawk. Oluski perceiving the act, laid hold of his nephew's arm.

"Patience, Wacora; patience! The time for bloodshed will come soon enough. For my sake, be patient!"

Then turning to the sentry he continued, his eyes flashing in their sockets.

"Fool!" said he, "go with my message; the lives of hundreds may depend upon it. Tell your chief that I am here! Bring him instantly before me!"

The dignity of the old Indian's manner struck the man with respect. Perhaps the nervous twitching of Wacora's fingers about the handle of his tomahawk had also its effect.

Calling out to a comrade who was near, and placing him at the post, he hastened off towards the house.

The two Indians, without exchanging speech, patiently awaited his return.

There was evidently some commotion within the frame dwelling at the reception of the news, as several men well armed, were observed hurrying off in different directions, and taking station along the line of the stockade.

Shortly after the man who had been sent was seen coming back.

Throwing open the strong slab door he beckoned the two chiefs to enter.

They did so, and then, leading them inside the block house, the man told them there to await the governor's arrival. It was not long delayed.

Elias Rody was seen coming forth from his new mansion, followed by five or six stalwart settlers!

All save himself carried rifles.

The Indians stood still as statues.

They made no movement to lessen the distance between themselves and the white men.

At length Elias Rody and Oluski stood face to face.

A close observer might have detected signs of fear in the governor's countenance.

Despite his assumed boldness of bearing, he found it hard to look into the face of the man he had so cruelly wronged.

It was he, however, who first broke the silence so painful to himself.

"What does Oluski wish to say to me?"

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the chief, pointing to the mansion as he spoke.

"That is my new residence."

"By what right have you built it on this ground?"

"By the right of possession—bought and paid for."

Oluski started as if a shot had struck him.

"Bought and paid for? Dog of a liar! What do you mean?"

"Only that I have built my house upon land purchased from you. Your memory appears bad, my old Indian friend."

"Purchased from me? When—how?"

"Do you already forget the guns, powder, and valuables I gave you? Fie, fie! you are trying to cheat me! Surely you must remember your bargain! But if your memory fails you, these gentlemen," here Rody pointed to the settlers, "these gentlemen are prepared to certify to the truth of what I say."

Oluski only groaned.

The audacious treachery of the white man was beyond his simple belief.

Wacora, burning with indignation, spoke for him.

"False wretch, the lie these men are ready to swear to is too monstrous to be believed, even were they upon their oaths! Those gifts were thrust upon my uncle, falsely bestowed as the lands he gave you were falsely claimed for services done to him! Your black heart never conceived a generous thought or a just deed! All was for a treacherous end—the betrayal of this noble-minded chief, as much your superior as the Deity you profess to worship is above the white man himself! Wacora despises you! Wacora has said it!"

He drew Oluski towards him, and stood erect and proud in the consciousness of right before the trembling usurper and his adherents.

The aged chief had recovered himself while his nephew was speaking.

"What Wacora has said is good, and he only utters my own thoughts. I came here ready to receive atonement for the wrong done me and my people. I now see that there is a darker depth of treachery in you, even than this which has robbed a confiding man of his best-loved possession. I, Oluski, the Seminole, spit at and despise you! I have spoken!"

With a kingly dignity the old chief folded his blanket around him, and leaning on his nephew's arm, slowly departed from the spot.

Rody and his followers, as if transfixed by the withering contempt with which the Indians had treated them, suffered the two to depart without molestation.

They now redoubled their watchfulness, stationed additional sentinels around the stockade, and looked after the arms and ammunition, with which they would, no doubt have to defend the usurped possession.

The small cloud that had been slowly gathering over the settlement was growing dark and portentous. The soft breeze was rapidly rising to a storm.

The people of the settlement, alarmed by the news of the interview between Rody and the Indian chiefs, which spread rapidly among them, hastened to take measures for the safety of their families. The women and children were hurriedly brought in from the outlying plantations, and lodged in temporary abodes within the stockade, whilst provisions in plenty were carried to the same place.

The war signal had sounded, and before long the work of carnage would commence!

CHAPTER XX.

STILL ANOTHER SORROW.

Disappointed and chafed, the two chiefs

returned in all haste to the Indian encampment.

But few words had been spoken between them on their way from the hill. A firm pressure of his uncle's hand was proof that Wacora, once embarked in the impending contest, would remain faithful to its end.

It needs no speech among true men to establish confidence. Between the two chiefs it was mutual.

As they neared the spot where the tribe had pitched their tents, an unusual excitement was observable. Men and women were conversing in little groups, animated apparently by the receipt of some startling news.

The two chiefs at first imagined that the result of their interview was already known; but on reflection, the impossibility of the thing became apparent to them, and their surprise was extreme.

All at once they saw Nelatu hastening towards them.

The young man seemed ready to drop as if from fatigue. His looks told that he was a prey to the keenest anxiety.

On arriving before the two chiefs, he was for some moments unable to speak.

Words rose to his tongue, but they found no articulate utterance. His lips seemed glued together. Drops of sweat glistened upon his brow.

The father, with a dreadful prescience of new sorrows, trembled at sight of his son.

"Nelatu," he said, "what anguish awaits me? Of what fresh disaster do you bring the tidings? Speak! speak!"

The young Indian again essayed, but only succeeded in muttering,

"Sansuta!"

"Sansuta! What of her? Is she dead? Answer me!"

"No; she is not dead. Oh! father, be calm—have courage—she is—"

"Speak, boy, or I shall go mad! What of her?"

"She is gone!"

"Gone! Whither?"

"I have sought her everywhere. I only heard of her departure after you left the encampment. Bury your tomahawk in my brain if you will, for I have been the cause."

"What does the boy rave about? What does it all mean? Has the Great Spirit cursed me in all my hopes? Speak, Nelatu. Where is your sister? You say she is gone. Gone! Gone! With whom?"

"With Warren Rody!"

Oluski uttered a shriek of mingled rage and grief, pressed his hand upon his heart, and reeling, would have fallen to the earth but for Wacora's arm, at that instant thrown around him.

The two young men bent over his prostrate form, which his nephew had gently laid upon the sward.

A few faint, murmuring words escaped from his lips; so faint, indeed, that they were not comprehended by either son or nephew.

The frown which had gathered on his brow in his interview with Elias Rody, gradually gave place to a gentle smile. His eyes, for an instant, rested sorrowfully on the face of Nelatu, then on Wacora, and were closed for ever.

With that look had his life ended. The spirit of the Seminole Chief had departed to a better land.

Wounded in his friendship, doubly wounded in his pride, cruelly stabbed by the desertion of his own daughter, and the weakness of his own son, outraged as friend and father, the old man's heart had burst within his bosom!

Tenderly covering the body with his blanket, Wacora stooped and kissed the cold brow in silence, registering a vow of vengeance upon his murderers!

Nelatu, stunned by the suddenness of the event, hid his face in his hands, and gave way to lamentation and tears.

That evening the remains of their chief were interred in a temporary grave, around which the warriors of the tribe, by their own consent now commanded by Wacora, joined in an oath of sure and ample vengeance. Coupled with their oath was the declaration that war and rapine should not cease until the hill was again their own, and the body of their beloved chief laid peacefully beside the bones of his ancestors.

That night the red pole was erected in their encampment, and under the glare of pine torches was performed around it the fearful scalp-dances of the tribe.

The white sentinels upon the hill saw afar off the fiend-like performance, and, as around echoed in their ears the wild shriek, they turned trembling from the hill, and cursed Elias Rody!

CHAPTER XXI.

WACORA CHOSEN CHIEF.

Wacora was unanimously elected war chief of the tribe over which his uncle had long ruled. Nelatu's claims were so slight, his ability so deficient, that not one of the warriors wished to nominate him for the important position.

To Wacora the honor was of inestimable value. By its means there was now a hope for the realization of his long-cherished dream—the redemption of the red-man by the union of all the tribes into one powerful nation.

He instantly dispatched messengers to the braves of his own sub-tribe, summoning them to Tampa Bay, to take part in the conflict.

He was answered by the speedy arrival of a large and well-armed force, who, mingling with Oluski's people, now became one community.

Obedient to his mandate, they continued to preserve an ominously peaceful attitude towards the settlers, who, but for a knowledge to the contrary, might have comforted themselves with a belief that the red men had left the bay.

But although unseen, their presence was not unfelt. The news of Oluski's death had spread a feeling of alarm among the white colonists, which the heartless and assumed indifference of Elias Rody and his adherents could not dismiss from their minds.

The "governor" seemed to have returned to the courses of his early life. He had for many years been a man of sober habits; but since the building of his new house a change had come over him. He had begun to drink freely, and in the excitement of preparation for the defence of his usurped property, he found a thousand excuses for the indulgence of that appetite so long kept under control.

Still another matter gave discomfort to the governor. His son had been for some time missing from the settlement, and in a mysterious manner. His disappearance had a marked effect on his father's temper, and when not cursing himself for the general discomfort he had caused, he cursed the son for adding to it!

It will thus be seen that although Elias Rody had prepared his own bed, and was obliged to lie upon it, it was proving anything but a bed of roses.

Had it not been for the presence of his daughter Alice, the new mansion in which he now lived, and for which he might yet have to pay dearly, would have been a perfect pandemonium to him.

That amiable girl, by her gentle behavior, did much to soften the rude, inharmonious elements around her; and the roughest of her father's roystering companions were silent and respectful in her presence.

She was like a ministering angel among those who had taken refuge within the stockade. She never seemed to tire of attending upon them or their wants. Her kind, sympathetic voice and assiduous care were of inestimable service to the sick, who blessed her in their hearts.

Nothing, in the meantime, had been heard of her brother Warren.

Crookleg had also disappeared, although no one particularly missed him.

Cris Carrol, the hunter, had not returned to the settlement. In some distant savanna he was no doubt tranquilly passing his time, at peace with all the world. Such was the condition of affairs.

The first preparations for strife between the Whites and Indians had been made; and to several other outrages, similar to that committed by Elias Rody, may be traced the causes of that Seminole war which cost the government of the United States some thousands of lives, along with several millions of dollars, to say nought of the reputation of six hitherto distinguished generals.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN COUSINS.

The tranquil state of affairs did not last for long.

The Indians, eager to revenge Oluski's death, were impatient of the restraint Wacora would have imposed upon them, and, at a council convened for that purpose, they determined to attack the stockade upon the hill.

This determination was hastened by several rencontres which had taken place in the outlaying districts.

A small party of the red men, led by Marocota, had pillaged and destroyed a plantation.

Near the bay they had been met by some of the white settlers as they were returning from their work of destruction.

In the *melee* which ensued a number of Indians were killed, whilst their white adversaries met with little loss.

These and some individual cases of contest had worked the red men up to a pitch of savage earnestness that took all Wacora's temporising power to restrain.

He knew the character of the people he had to deal with too well to hazard opposition to their will, the more so as his own desire for vengeance was as deep and earnest, but more deadly than theirs.

One thought occupied his mind nobler than that of revenge—the regeneration of the Indian race.

A chimera it may have been, but still his great ambition.

He thus spoke to the assembled chiefs—

"I do not urge upon you to withhold vengeance for injuries done to our race by the white enemy. I only desire to make it more full and terrible. This is but the beginning of a long list of retributions, the overflowing of accumulated wrongs, the first step towards freedom and redemption! To take that step we must be patient until certain of success. Then begins a warfare that will only end with the annihilation of our hatred enemies and a new existence for the red man! Have I spoken well?"

Loud approbation greeted him from the assembled warriors; but such is the inconsistency of human character that individually they devised means for immediate retaliation on the settlers.

Hence the several encounters which had already taken place.

Nelatu, mortified at his own weakness, was among the warriors addressed by Wacora.

On returning from the council, the young chief approached his cousin.

"Nelatu, you would do something to make up for your blind infatuation, that has led to such misfortunes?"

"I would, Wacora, I would. My father's face seems always before me, reproaching me as my sister's destroyer."

"Then action is the only way by which to shake off the remorseful feeling. Our efforts have till now been fruitless in tracing the spot to which your sister has been carried. She must be found, and the punishment of the guilty made sure."

"Not Sansuta. You would not injure her?"

Wacora smiled sadly, as he pressed his hand upon his heart.

"No, Nelatu, I would not injure your sister. Alas! I had already learned to love her. I would not hurt her for worlds. It is the wretch who has carried her away. I would have him suffer a thousand deaths, and every death more terrible than the other!"

"Tell me, what can I do? If I remain idle, I shall die!"

"Take three or four of my own people, follow every trail that promises to lead to where they are concealed, and having found the monster, bring him to me alive."

Wacora's eyes, as he uttered these words, blazed with passion.

"I would rather go alone," said Nelatu.

"As you please; but remember, that there is one man you dare not trust, and yet he may be the means of finding Sansuta."

"His name?"

"Crookleg, the negro."

"But he, too, is missing."

"I know it, and therefore he can lead you to their hiding-place, if he can be found. With Crookleg to assist you, you may succeed: without him your search will be fruitless."

"How am I to find him?"

"By diligent search. He is not near the spot, but yet not so distant as to be ignorant of what is passing. He has the cunning of the wild cat; remember that."

"I'll be a match for him, never fear, cousin."

Wacora glanced pityingly at the simple youth.

He thought of his confiding nature, and felt that if the only chance of finding Sansuta lay in cunning, they would never be discovered.

"Well, Nelatu, I have given you the best advice I can. Will you undertake the search?"

"I will!"

"When?"

"At once, Wacora."

With these words the cousins separated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EV

PHILADELPHIA, SATU

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EVENING POST.

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the Weather.

l ladies, and the pre- wise in general, have moon as affecting the ere. The faith of the evers must be of the it came from a dark alged it, and they have ariner and the agricul- nd, one might suppose notions from experi- , but it happens that etrological phenomena to detect the alleged nces; and we are com- ir faith also as tradi- influence which the weather is as mythical human life—its influ- determining the hour posed to come with the influence in producing however, be admitted ory as to the influence weather, has a greater ability than the popu- her influences.

nt for such a creed nds of half-observant times. The belief in venly bodies to control ins led to the ascrip- perties to particular and beautiful, was these characteristics; y, was associated with and so on. The moon of the firmament the he weather being the earthly things, the two ther the one was held Perhaps men's minds cious as the clouds; so likewise referred to oof of some such mode d by the circumstance her are associated with ect of the moon, mere tate of illumination to dual passage from first arter, or from that to upset an existing con- are; or as if the con- with the sun could in- winds, generate clouds A moment's reasoning e supposed cause and ave no necessary con- nate the weather may least every three days, —to retain the popular ys; so that the proba- ce of these changes is en it occurs, the moon with causing it. But is of no use unless it ly in every case; and, must always be in the uppose that the moon a wet one, and a wet indiscriminately, is to low hot and cold with to reduce the supposi-

ection existed between and the aspect of the ably have forced itself ttention of meteorolo- ly return of Births, s, issued by the Regis- is given, showing all lements for every day olumn is set apart for and positions of the ts extend backwards century. Here, then, that ought to reveal at connection, and would o had it existed. But between the moon containing the instru- ver been traced. Our tories furnish contin- ecords of atmospheric over long series of still more abundant validity of the lunar lation has frequently points in the inquiry, nection has been found rtain positions of the d certain instrumental l are the effects trace- , that they are almost the grosser irregulari- other and as yet unex-

arise a few of the re- direction. But first, lly what actions the xert upon the atmos- be. Two effects must to some degree, how- ever slight. We see the powerful agency of the moon in causing the tides of the ocean, and the inference is obvious that the more limpid sea of air around us is subject to the same tidal influence. This is one perturbing cause. Then the moon is a reflector or radiator of the sun's heat. The sun pours its beams upon the moon for an uninterrupted interval fourteen times as long as our day. It follows that the moon becomes considerably, if not intensely, heated; and since it is philosophically improbable that it can retain all the heat it receives, it must radiate it into space and a portion must come to the earth. This is the second perturbing cause.

So far, theory; now to fact. The first action would seem to be a considerable one: seeing the immense power of the moon over the waters, it would be reasonable to suppose that a correspondingly powerful influence would be exerted over the aerial ocean, and that strongly marked atmospheric tides would be the result. Observation, however, shows that such is not the case. The barometer may be called an atmospheric tide gauge: its readings are as soundings of the aerial sea. Some years ago Colonel Sabine instituted a series of barometric observations at St. Helena, to determine the variations of its indications from hour to hour of the lunar day. The greatest differences were found to occur between the times when the moon was on the meridian, and when it was six hours away from the meridian; in other words between atmospheric high tide and low tide. But the average of these differences amounted only to the four hundreth part of an inch on the instrument's scale; a quantity that no weather observer would heed, that none but the best barometers would show, and that can have no perceptible bearing on weather changes. The distance of the moon from the earth varies, as is well known, in consequence of the elliptical form of her orbit: this variation ought also to produce an effect upon the instrument's indications; but Colonel Sabine's analysis showed that it was next to insensible; the mean reading at apogee differing from that at perigee by only the two thousandth part of an inch. Schubler, a German meteorologist, had arrived at similarly negative results some years previously. Hence it appears that the great index of the weather is not sensibly affected by the state of the moon: the conclusion to be drawn with regard to the weather itself is obvious enough.

Direct experiments to ascertain the heat received from the moon have led to little that may be considered as positive evidence. When Melloni concentrated the lunar rays by a burning-glass, two feet in diameter, a delicate thermometer placed in the focus showed no indication of an increase of temperature: the sun's rays, similarly condensed, melted platinum. Again, when Professor Smyth went to the top of Teneriffe to make astronomical experiments, he measured the moon's heat by a thermo-multiplier, and found that, although the luminary shone forth with a blinding brilliancy, the warmth of its rays was only equal to one-third of that received from a candle fifteen feet distance. The comparisons of long series of thermometric observations with various positions of the moon have, however, led to more conclusive results. Mr. Park Harrison has lately well-nigh exhausted this subject by turning to account every available record of continuous observations. The general conclusion at which he has arrived is, that the thermometer stands about two and a half degrees of Fahrenheit's scale higher at moon's first quarter than at moon's last quarter. It is evident from this that the state of illumination of the moon has no effect on terrestrial temperature, for, if it had, we should have the warmest weather at full moon instead of when the moon is young and her light feeble. It is dark heat which comes from the moon. The maximum state of her insolation (heating by the sun) is attained when the largest surface has been continuously exposed to the sun for the longest duration of time. This occurs at third quarter, when the half-moon then illuminated has been subjected to solar heating for 265 hours. The warmth which she then gives off cannot, however, reach the earth; it is absorbed by the higher atmosphere; evaporation of the clouds in that region is furthered, and the sky is to some extent cleared. A clear night is colder than a cloudy one, because the earth's heat has an opportunity of passing away into space; and so it follows that the moon, by warming the upper air, cools the earth. Precisely opposite results occur at the period of minimum insolation of the moon, which happens at about first quarter.

Assuming Mr. Harrison's results to be correct deductions from observation—for it must be remarked that, in researches like these, very much depends upon the manner in which the observations are grouped together and treated for the elimination of other disturbing causes—We may expect to find conditions of cloud, wind, and rain depending upon this law of change of temperature. In particular, we may look for the diminution of cloud alluded to as occurring at about the time of moon's third quarter. So far as I know, no comparisons have yet been made to settle this point, and it is, therefore, an open question. But the state of cloud at the time of *full* moon has been discussed. Herschel has insisted that there is a tendency of the full moon to disperse cloud; Humboldt has said the same thing; and Arago has reiterated the opinion. But a Greenwich observer has thought differently. The Royal Observatory at Greenwich is essentially a moon observatory; the moon is more observed there that at any other kindred establishment in the world, and no chance of securing an observation of her is ever missed. It had struck Mr. Ellis, the observer in question, as the result of years of moon-watching, that this tendency of the moon to disperse cloud was more apparent than real; the possible fact being that the bright, full moon lights up and seemingly clears a sky that would, but for its presence, be called cloudy. He therefore collected the Greenwich cloud observations, made every two hours during seven years, and so arranged them as to bring out any such tendency if it existed. His results unmistakably showed that, so far from the time of full moon being the clearest, it is really the most cloudy period of the whole lunation.

The relation of the age of the moon to the direction of the wind was recently made the subject of a searching investigation by Mr. Glaisher. Seven years' unbroken record of the wind, obtained by a self-registering anemometer, were employed in the comparison; and it came out that the duration of what may be called warm winds (*i. e.*, winds from the west side of the N. and S. line) is greater in the first than in the second half of a lunation, in the proportion of about 10 to 9; and that the duration of cold winds (winds from the east side of N. and S. line) is greater in the second than it the first half of a lunation, in the proportion of about 6 to 5. If the circle of the horizon be divided in the east and west direction, the results show more north than south winds during the waxing, and more south than north winds during the waning moon. The preponderance in every case is very small, and proves the insignificance of the influence producing it. The differences of wind may be a cause, or may be a consequence of the differences of temperature already alluded to, or the two phenomena may be interdependent. At present we can only collect meteorological facts; whether these will ever be connected to form laws, future, and I fear, distant ages must determine.

When we turn from wind to rain we find the same dim indications of lunar influences. The German, Schubler, before referred to, indeed found that more rainy days occurred at Munich, Stuttgard, and Augsburg, during the first half of a lunation than during the second; but the proportion was only as 6 to 5, and all his observations are liable to the doubt attaching to the definition of a rainy day. Another deduction, which has been borne out by other observers, was that rather more rain falls when the moon is in perigee than in apogee. Then there has prevailed a more or less popular belief that more rain falls at the changes of the moon than on the intermediate days. If such were the case the fact ought surely to manifest itself in the pluvious districts of India. Mr. Hennessey, one of the staff of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey, however, has tabulated thirteen years' record of rainfall at Mussoorie, and finds that the average daily fall at the changes of the moon is really less by about 12 per cent. than the average fall on the intermediate days. So this fallacy is also disproved. Mr. Hennessey's deductions are fully corroborated by Mr. Dines, who has lately communicated to the Meteorological Society the evidence derived from the examination of a register of rainfall kept for more than forty years at Cobham Lodge, in Surrey. He had set down side by side the dates of rainfall, and the position and changes of the moon, and had rigorously compared them to trace out any occult relation. But he is obliged to confess that his collation left him with the decided opinion that the fall of rain is in no way influenced by the position of the moon, or by the moon's age. After the promulgation of such facts as these, who shall dare to say that the weather will alter at the next change of moon?

Having thus reviewed the best evidence that is procurable in the case, I think that there is no alternative but to acquit the moon of the charges brought against her as a disturber of the weather. I have said nothing about lunar halos, coronæ, rainbows, colored moons, and the like, because I take it for granted that every one knows that those appearances are caused by the vapory or aqueous condition of the atmosphere. Without a doubt they are legitimate prognostics of change of weather, but the moon in them is not the agent but the thing acted upon; her light revealing a mist, or making manifest a state of atmospheric dryness that, but for her presence in the sky, would pass unobserved.

Horses in Battle.

The extent to which a charger can apprehend the perils of a battlefield may be easily underrated by one who confines his observation to horses still carrying their riders; for, as long as a troop horse in action feels the weight and hand of a master, his deep trust in man keeps him seemingly free from great terror, and he goes through the fight, unless wounded, as though it were a field day at home; but the moment that death or a disabling wound deprives him of his rider, he seems all at once to learn what a battle is—to perceive its real dangers with the clearness of a human being, and to be agonized with horror at the fate he may incur for want of a hand to guide him.

Careless of the mere thunders of guns, he shows plainly enough that he more or less knows the dread accent that is used by missiles of war whilst cutting their way through the air, for as often as these sounds disclose to him the near passage of bullet or round shot, he shrinks and cringes. His eyeballs protrude. Wild with fright, he still does not most commonly gallop home into camp. His instinct seems rather to tell him that what safety, if any, there is for him must be found in the ranks; and he rushes at the first squadron he can find, urging piteously, yet with violence, that he, too, by right is a troop horse—that he, too, is willing to charge, but not to be left behind—that he must and he will "fall in." Sometimes the riderless charger thus bent on aligning with his fellows will not be content to range himself on the flank of the line, but dart at some point in the squadron which he seemingly judges to be his own rightful place, and strive to force himself in.

Riding, as it is usual for the commander of a regiment to do, some way in advance of his regiment, Lord George Paget was especially tormented and pressed by the riderless horses which chose to turn round and align with him. At one time there were three or four of these horses advancing close abreast of him on one side, and as many as five on the other. Impelled by terror, by gregarious instinct, and by their habit of ranging in line, they so "closed" in upon Lord George as to besmear his overalls with blood from the gory flanks of the nearest intruders, and oblige him to use his sword.—*Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea, Vol. IV.*

☞ SHORT DRESSES.—Our fashionable ladies now summering at favorite resorts, and who wear long trails whenever the occasion can be found, should know that the very latest advices from Baden-Baden announce the fact that at this most elegant of continental spas nothing but short dresses are worn by all but quite old ladies. Even at the evening concerts the *costume courte*—marvellously elaborate and fanciful sometimes—reigns supreme; and, to crown everything, at the last ball in the *salons de la conversation* the dresses scarcely touched the ground.

☞ Two huge rattlesnakes have recently been despatched in the vicinity of Montague, Sussex county. The reptiles were both sent to quietness by ladies. One killed by Mrs. Fuller, wife of Eli, measured five feet, and had ten rattles. The other, killed by a young lady named Eliza Sherwood, measured four feet and a-half, and had nine rattles.

☞ In a recent thunder storm in England, a soldier was struck by lightning and made blind, and a woman who had been stone blind for eight years was as suddenly restored to sight.

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knew to be at least three times greater than our own.

Slowly, while we made our dispositions, the native proa was advancing. The broad band of violet which marked sunset had gradually faded away, and the sun had gone down beneath the rich green ocean with such a circling radiance of broad tints as is hardly to be imagined by those who have not seen a tropical sunset. Even on that day, excited as we all were, I could not but notice it. Gradually the warm golden light of the day had melted away into the cold silvery light of the moon. Still slowly the proa advanced.

We hardly knew how to pass the time. Perhaps it was two hours since the native vessel had begun to move towards us. It seemed ten. We were helpless. If we had had a cannon! We could not move. Our enemy could,—though, fortunately, only slowly. Perhaps he had a cannon. We could not see one, but that was nothing. If only a wind would come, or if the enemy would have fought in the daytime! At least, if he would only be quick, and let us have this suspense over.

We are all in a group now, sailors and passengers; ready to fight, and meaning to fight, the sooner the better. Have we nothing in our cargo that will help us? Alas, we have no cargo! We are going to China in ballast; our ballast being stones, perfectly worthless except as ballast, but costing more, in those early gold-digging times, the captain had often told us, than he could have bought rice for in Java or in India. Can nothing be done with the stones? Yes, at least let us have some ready to drop into their boats, if they give us the chance. Accordingly, stones about the size of men's heads, hard, angular blocks of trap and basalt, were brought up from the hold, and piled in readiness in one or two parts of the ship. Meantime, every one had furnished himself with the stoutest boots, and with such arms as he could get. The broken bottle notion had been carried into effect, and the glass had been so well sprinkled that it was impossible for a man to have jumped from the bulwarks without alighting on a piece.

Darkness had come on; no light was hung from our vessel, and none appeared from the pirate. The moon was clouded, so that we could get no glimpse of his whereabouts, strain our eyes as we might. Miss Edwards and her guardian had been ordered—prevailed upon they could not be—to remain below, or at least to go there the instant any signal of attack was given. Neither of them showed any signs of fear. The elder one was indignant—though the word is far too weak to express the feeling—that any one should venture to attack a ship in which her charge was travelling; the younger one kept up conversation of apparently absorbing interest with Morton. I suppose such occasions invite confidences. There is the assurance to be given that there is no danger, or not *very* much, the common sympathy which begets confidence, and the pleasure of talking to some one about the all-absorbing topic. However this may be, I know an old bachelor, who declares the only time he genuinely made love was in a terrific gale of wind,—a gale which had lasted already nearly a fortnight, and which had become so bad that the officers had entered their opinion in the log, that the ship could not hold together four-and-twenty hours longer. Then it was that this unsentimental fellow began to make love in right earnest.

It was thought not unlikely that the Malays would attack us in three or four small canoes, rather than from their proa itself. This is their usual mode, and has evidently many advantages when surprise is intended. For a long time we looked in vain to see anything like a canoe, but at last we saw the faintest phosphorescence in the sea not far from the ship. It might have been caused by a shark, for we knew there were many about; but we anxiously watched for it again, and saw it in a few seconds yet more distinctly. Almost at the same moment, we caught another flash in an opposite direction. Two canoes at least, then, were approaching. They managed well not to show more of that liquid fire through which they were cutting their way; but, by dint of keeping their paddles well under water, we could only get a glimpse of them occasionally. Evidently, they did not wish us to know from what quarter they were approaching. We should not have long to wait now.

Let every man take up his position. The captain with half of us was at the stern; the mate, with the rest, forward. Let all keep well together. Let all obey their leaders. If we are separated, we are lost. We have only now a few minutes at the most to wait.

One canoe we can see, another too, though the moon is still obscured. Here comes the land-breeze. Too late,—we can't spare a single hand to go aloft and loosen sail.

I was standing near our little poop; the captain was looking anxiously over towards the sea, when a slight noise beneath him called his attention. Looking round, he found that outside the bulwarks the Malays were crowding and creeping around beneath the chains, ready for their rush. I heard his shout: "Now, then, here they are; be steady." And immediately, over each side of the vessel, men came pouring like sheep over a fence.

Immediately shrieks ran from one end to the other, as the invaders, kreese in hand, jumped on the glass, and fell, stumbling over each other, only to wound themselves still more. "Now, men!" But we needed no command. Following the captain, we went pell-mell into the Malays where they were most numerous. We struck wildly, but the enemy was so compact that we could hardly help hitting. Some jumped overboard, some fell over their fellows, and in a few seconds we had a heap of men before us—some wounded, some hit hard, others kept down by fear. Then to the other side, to find an enemy less numerous, indeed, than that we had thus vanquished, but recovered in part from the effects of the first shock on coming upon broken glass. We could hear that the mate with his party was fighting hard. A stiff stand-up fight with three times our number, better armed, but most of them more or less lamed. Shrieks, blows, cries of men who jumped overboard, and then a panic, in which most of them leaped over the bulwarks into the sea, and we had a moment's time to draw breath. The moon shone bright and clear. Now to help the mate.

I saw Morton looking towards the head of the small staircase leading down from the poop into the cabin. At a glance, I observed that our two lady-passengers had disobeyed orders, and had either remained on deck, or, unable to bear the excitement of the struggle above, had come to see how the battle went. Mrs. Prime had in her hand a belaying-pin—a good substitute for a policeman's staff. She had placed Ethel behind her, and was looking over the top of the staircase, as if expecting some one to come up. Instantly her arm was raised, and a heavy crack came down on the head of a Malay who was coming from the cabin. All this we saw almost at a glance. Morton rushed to the cabin, and I after him. Half a dozen Malays were coming up the steps. We fought at an advantage, and, knocking one or two over, got down into the cabin, to find that the storm-lights had been broken, and a dozen men had entered. Never shall I forget the almost mad energy with which Morton flew at them. The men seemed to cower at his very look, and to fall before he touched them. A rush was made by them to the lights by which they had entered, and half of them went out before Morton had an opportunity of making their acquaintance.

An hour afterwards, our sails were shaken loose, the cool land-breeze filled them, and we were sailing away from the land. Wounds we had among us, but no one killed. We had sent a stone through the bottom of one of the Malay canoes, and had reduced the number of their crews very considerably; but need I say that we were glad to see the last of the pirate proa?

We had a good run to Hong-Kong. The captain was complimented highly by his owners for his gallant defence—and he deserved the compliment; and all of us were made a three days' wonder of. Miss Edwards changed her name, and received on the occasion a present from her fellow-passengers, to which the ship's owners subscribed largely, "in consideration of her husband's ready assistance and distinguished bravery in defence of the Mary Ann." Mrs. Prime had a great work before her with the Chinese, which in some sense compensated for the loss of her "responsibility," and settled down into one of the usual good-natured, lovable, pious old ladies to be found in every English settlement in Asia. A month afterwards, we heard that the Dutch man-of-war, Vice-Admiral de Witt, had captured a celebrated pirate proa off the coast of Guinea. "Several of her crew were found to be suffering from lameness, supposed to have been received in a late attack upon some ship, name unknown."

A LOVE LETTER.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

My love—my chosen—but not mine! I send
  My whole heart to thee in these words I write;
So let the blotted lines, my soul's sole friend,
  Lie upon thine, and there be blest at night.

Irene, I have loved you as men love
  Light, music, odor, beauty, love itself—
Whatever is apart from and above
  Those daily needs which deal with dust and pelf.

And I had been content, without one thought
  Our guardian angels could have blushed to know,
So to have lived and died, demanding nought,
  Save living, dying, to have loved you so.

My wildest wish was vassal to thy will;
  My haughtiest hope a pensioner on thy smile,
Which did with light my barren being fill,
  As moonlight glorifies some desert isle.

And so I write to you; and write and write,
  For the mere sake of writing to you, dear.
What can I tell you that you know not? Night
  Is deepening through the rosy atmosphere.

About the lonely casement of this room,
  Which you have left familiar with the grace
That grows where you have been; and on the gloom
  I almost fancy I can see your face.

Perchance I shall not ever see again
  That face. I know that I shall never see
Its radiant beauty as I saw it then,
  Save by this lonely lamp of memory.

With childhood's starry graces lingering yet
  In the rosy orient of young womanhood,
And eyes like woodland violets newly wet,
  And lips that left their meaning in my blood!

Man cannot make, but may ennoble fate
  By nobly bearing it. So let us trust
Not to ourselves, but God, and calmly wait
  Love's orient, out of darkness and of dust.

Farewell, and yet again farewell, and yet
  Never farewell—if farewell mean to fare
Alone and disunited. Love hath set
  Our days in music, to the self-same air;

And I shall feel, wherever we may be,
  Even tho' in absence, and an alien clime,
The shadow of the sunniness of thee,
  Hovering, in patience, through a clouded time.

Farewell! the dawn is rising, and the light
  Is making in the East a faint endeavor
To illuminate the mountain peaks. Good night,
  Thine own, and only thine, my love, forever.

"THE DEVIL TO PAY AND NO PITCH HOT."—An English Admiral has published a "Sailor's Word Book," which explains the origin of some phrases in extensive use on land. It seems the phrase "till all's blue" means until the ship gets into blue water. "The devil to pay and no pitch hot" is a caulker's term. To "pay" a seam in a ship's side, is meant to pour hot pitch into it after the oakum had been driven in. The "devil" is the seam next the water, which was most difficult to put tar into. Thus, the "devil to pay and no pitch hot" meant the worst of the work to do, and no materials in a proper state of preparation.

"Son of a gun" was first applied to the children born at sea, of gunners' wives, who were sometimes allowed to accompany their husbands, and whose sleeping bunks were under the lower deck guns.

☞ A correspondent in Paris says *men-milliners* are all the rage in that city. The Parisiennes have long patronized male dress-makers, and now they will have men to help and advise in the selection of their head-dresses; so *chapaliers* are taking the place of *modistes*. Bonnets are reduced to nothing, but these nothings cost not less than one hundred and fifty francs.

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WRITTEN FOR THE SA
BY MRS. MARG

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lated his family on t

"We must do so
Kate," he added.
things, Jane, and ha
ever is necessary for

His daughter und
and executed it splen
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and the Warrington
making the wedding
as possible.

Mr. Penderyl did
amount of fashion
ing the occasion; pe
felt that it destroyed
ed for the complim
over.

It was a morning
no one had ever call
she looked so truly
handsome cousin su
had so far succeeded
tions as to appear
manly creature, ful
sweetness, but the
happiness flashed in
every smile, giving h
ness, and making e
positively beautiful."

It was all over; an
little room to chang
vitable travelling g
terest in the splendi
her to follow and s
folded, assisted her
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then running out int

"Mrs. Penderyl i
an impatient voice b
hour yet before the
drive there in ten mi

"I have dropped
one Clement gave
room somewhere—p
these things in the
it," said Catharine,
spoke. There it wa
in the back room, bu
floor she heard Jan
just on the other sid

"Yes, it is what ev
tunate match," she
Kate has any idea of
in love, silly thing,
to be Jack Ketch, a
her blissful dream."

"Oh," said her
thorough gentleman
mysterious, I'll allow
lent letters and is ab

"It is an odd thin
more like one of Ka
a real common sens
trust it will prove.
Bluebeard, though
spiriting her off alo
of his he calls 'P
early spring-time."

And people *could*
that strange doubtfu

She stood with
raised in her hand
lips apart.

What folly, what
her.

Reserved—myste
words had no appli
He was faultless to
how any other shou
in him. So she stoo
traordinary nature
had overheard, until
ing her there, said t
and there was no tim

Then she went d
and saw her husban
ing on his dark gl
travelling shawl on

The sight of his
breaking through mi

TED BRIDE.

TURDAY EVENING POST.

GARET HOSMER.

just married; so this her stories usually end, ou are routed by those experience and reality. peful, and being natur- astic, it seemed to her orld there was none so

; the poor cousin of a family with whom she hom she had maintain- pendence by her ready fferent ways. She was little her poor father e secured her that ad- was plenty of younger ington household to be sons and instructed in

pered, sensible girl, in et tendency to romance, to be useful, and al- bects her position was she fulfilled its duties ged to extract all the om her surroundings. n-up cousins; Jane, a oman, some years older len, who was her own his was what made her rvel in the eyes of so- ld be more astonished

hing in the world," she Helen is beautiful and both will be heiresses, them in the least, but id, plain me his whole love him for it." she kissed his picture, ghtful tears over it, for apture, and like other nged her besetting sin y, although she would nfessing it openly. g her short engagement blissful dream, and the er happiness was its hat made it difficult of hard to understand it eal, handsome, noble, hero of some old chi- gentle courtesy to all— as became a well-born and sympathetic as a r so devoted, true and Bell had much ado to quiet, decorousness of reviewed her good for-

ar ridiculously happy or ," she said to herself. Clement will think me my joy in bounds." e—Clement Penderyl— d Welsh family, but like han. He was a man of ton said, and congratu- he connection. omething handsome for "You understand these d better buy her what- a first-rate outfit." ertook the commission, didly. Kate never had ch a wardrobe before, s gave their minds to as elegant and stylish

not quite relish the nd ceremony surround- rhaps like his bride he the romance and long- ents and display to be

wedding, and although ed Kate Bell a beauty, lovely that even her ffered in contrast. She in controlling her emo- as she was, a true wo- of natural grace and unconquerable light of her eyes and beamed in er face a magic lovelі- very one say, "Kate is "

d she ran up to her own e her dress for the ine- ar. Helen, whose in- d bridal robe impelled e that it was properly to fasten the pearl- rranged the trimmings, o the hall. coming," she cried to elow. "It is nearly an rain goes, and they can inutes." my handkerchief—the me—it is in the lower lease, dear Helen, put trunk while I look for and hurried down as she s on the dressing-table t while she crossed the e's quiet, decided voice e of the open door. very one must call a for- said, "not that poor it; she is so dreadfully hat he might turn out nd it wouldn't disturb

father, "Penderyl is a , a trifle reserved and , but he brought excel- bove suspicion." g altogether, and sounds te's own romances than bit of good luck, as I I only hope he is not a I don't quite like his e to that owlish place Penderyl Peaks,' in the

nd *did* speak of him in l way. the handkerchief half and listened with her

madness it seemed to

rious. Oh, no! such cation to his character. her, and she marveled d find spot or blemish d spell bound at the ex- f the conversation she her Cousin Helen find- he carriage was waiting, e to lose. own into the lower hall d standing there, draw- oves and carrying her is arm. face was like sunshine st. All the foggy won- der and annoyance their words awakened faded out of her mind, and her eyes resumed their brightness.

"It is scarcely worth while to say good-bye," he said, cheerfully. "Your cousins have promised to come to The Peaks as soon as we can make it habitable, and then we will join them in an autumn tour among the lakes."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Helen, "Kate will scarcely be fairly at home in housekeeping before we make a trial of her skill. I warn you, Cousin Clement, we will bring with us a gay party, and turn your quiet home into a merry bedlam."

"Oh, do come," entreated Catharine, the tears swelling in her eyes and beginning to roll over her cheeks as she thought of leaving a place that had been home, and people whose kindness her gratitude taught her to over-appreciate. "I shall so long to see you all, and—" Here her heart quite overflowed. "Pray, do not forget me."

She kissed them all very tenderly. Then came the gay good-byes and merry speeches, and in the excitement and flutter of it all her husband drew her into the carriage, which quickly drove off towards the depot.

She sat back quietly and tried to think Six months before, the man who was now all the world to her was utterly unknown. He had come to Mr. Warrington with letters of credit, and been invited by that gentleman to visit his house. His handsome figure and ample fortune had rendered him at once an object of attraction, and being a humble-minded girl, Catharine had never for an instant raised her eyes to him, looking upon him from the first as destined for her Cousin Helen.

Surprise was her first emotion when she found herself singled out by his admiration and attention. Then she drank in her good fortune and happiness like an exhilarating draught that raised her beyond the consciousness of pain, or fear, or doubt, or trouble, and its magic influence was still upon her, for she could not reason or question her own heart, only resign herself to its perfect happiness.

Clement had told her his story. He was the only child of his parents, and Penderyl was his name by adoption. It had belonged to his mother, who ran away and made an unhappy marriage with a man for whom her brother, who was also her guardian, cherished an unconquerable aversion. His father died before he was born, and his mother soon followed, leaving him indeed an orphan, and totally dependent on the bounty of the brother she had so bitterly offended. That relative was at once a generous and eccentric man. He accepted the charge and fulfilled it nobly, educating and caring for the child as tenderly as if he had been his own son; but oddly and inexplicably enough, he never yet had beheld the object of his kindness, nor could Clement himself account for this averseness of his uncle to seeing him, since they had corresponded ever since the nephew had been able to write, and nothing in the character of his letters could explain his guardian's peculiar whim. He had asked but one favor of the boy, that of assuming his name, and having known no other father, Clement readily complied with his desire, and received with the cognomen a handsome fortune. At his uncle's suggestion, he had spent several years in Europe, after studying the profession of medicine, but since his return he had devoted himself chiefly to improving the old country place he had purchased and called The Peaks, and it was thither they were now journeying.

"I know it is a selfish plan of mine to take you at once to the grim old house I want your taste to do so much for," he said apologetically; "but I am so eager to associate you with the home I long to make there that you must forgive me. My uncle has lately shown a half-expressed desire to see me settled and share my comfort, and I have hastened to anticipate his wish, for Catharine, my darling, he is the man to whom I owe all I have on earth, you know."

"Yes, and I long to know and love him too, Clement. Where is he now?"

"I do not know," said her husband, sadly. "I wish I did; but it is one of his peculiarities never to tell me where to find him, although my letters are always forwarded to his address."

When they reached the city they were to rest in for the next day, Mr. Penderyl hastened to conduct his wife to their apartments, and then left her, saying he expected letters from his uncle to meet him here, and would return immediately he had inquired for them. In a moment or two he came back, pale and breathless, holding a telegram in his hand.

"Kate, my love, I am distressed beyond measure," he cried. "My uncle is ill—dying, his attendant says—and desires to see me instantly. I must go to him without a moment's delay; and yet, my darling, how can I leave you?"

"Do not leave me at all," she said, excitedly; "let me go with you. I shall not delay you an instant, and you will find me a tireless traveller."

"That would be impossible, for I must start at once, and journey night and day till I reach him. He is in the far South, and I shall have to find out the speediest way of getting to him after I have telegraphed to Mr. Warrington, begging him to come and take care of you till my return."

"No, no; oh, no, pray do not do that," cried Catharine, her Cousin Jane's words flashing on her recollection; "they will not understand it, and they will call it mysterious and odd."

"Mysterious," echoed her husband, "where is the mystery in my poor uncle's illness; and why should your cousins think it odd?"

While he spoke he thrust some things into a small travelling bag, and still under great excitement, wrote hurriedly a few words, meant as a telegraphic message to his wife's friends.

"Now pray, Clement, do not send me back," entreated Catharine, earnestly. "Why cannot I go to the Peaks; indeed I will not feel lonely there, for I shall be preparing for you all the while; and the time will pass so quickly, that I shall not mind it at all."

He paused a moment, and looking at her fondly, said,

"I have a selfish reason for wishing you to go there with me, Kate; besides, it is really a long journey, by cars, with a half dozen changes. I have longed for years to see my uncle, and now he summons me when it is almost impossible to obey."

As he spoke, there was a knock at the door, and answering the permission given, a clerk entered with a card in his hand.

"Here is the southern route, sir," he said, "and there is an old gentleman below, going within a couple of miles of your place, who will take charge of Mrs. Penderyl, and see her safely there."

"I am so glad," cried Kate, clapping her hands.

"Where can I see him," said her husband, catching up his overcoat and travelling-bag.

"You will not have time," said the hotel clerk; "I will see to it—and you have barely a chance to reach the depot now by fast driving."

Clement gave his young wife one distracted look and seemed to waver.

"No; do not think of me," she whispered, "I shall be sure to get there safely, and your uncle's summons must be obeyed."

The clerk hurried down to call a carriage. And for one single moment Kate felt her courage quail, for she was to be left alone, for the first time in her life, in a strange city. The next, however, she recovered her self-command, and showed her perturbed husband a smiling face, as he strained her to his breast in a hurried embrace, and called her "his life, his hope, his all."

With endless charges to the clerk concerning his wife, and inquiries about the old gentleman who was to be her travelling companion, Mr. Penderyl reached the carriage awaiting him, and was driven off in great haste towards the station.

Left alone, Kate, quite bewildered by the events of the day and a little inclined to be down-hearted, sat beside the window and looked out on the great busy street through which the vehicles were rolling in all directions. She thought of her cousins at home, and rejoiced that they could not see her in the character of a deserted bride; then she laughed outright at the oddity of her position, and springing up, determinedly told herself that it was the silliest thing in the world to mope, and that she would soon be quite hungry and had better order tea at once. So she rang the bell and desired the servant to bring her supper, which, provokingly enough, she could not eat when it came. As she sat sipping her tea with great resolution, and declaring to herself that it was quite foolish to be dispirited, the clerk reappeared, asking permission to introduce Mr. Parker, the person who was going in the direction of Penderyl Grove, and would be glad to take her with him.

He proved to be a mild, agreeable-looking old man, very deaf and very corpulent, who declared that he had known her husband by sight for years, and that he was considered one of the very best men in the country, though he owned he was not quite as social or familiar as some. Kate received the old gentleman with great cordiality, and felt delighted to hear him speak of her absent husband, although she silently resented this second allusion to his reserved nature.

She asked many questions about the neighborhood of the Peaks, which he insisted on calling the Grove, but although he was willing to talk very volubly about everything connected with the place, his deafness prevented him from understanding her satisfacty, and she gave up inquiring and listened attentively to what he had to say.

It was a greater distance than she had at first supposed, but the trains connected easily, and there was a stage running daily from the town where the railroad ceased, to a village within two miles of the Grove. At this last place the old gentleman himself lived, and he wished to leave early next morning, which Kate assured him would suit her admirably.

After he left her she grew quite enthusiastic over the idea of going to her new home first, and setting it in charming order to receive the hero of her heart. She knew all his tastes and fancies, and would arrange everything to suit them. He should be surprised and delighted at every turn, and the joy of their meeting would more than compensate for this untoward separation.

After all, there was something rather enjoyable in the adventure; and if it had not been for her Cousin Jane's disagreeable remark about Clement, she should never have thought of being dejected or nervous. She would go to sleep at once, so as to be up betimes and ready for Mr. Parker when he called her.

In pursuance with this resolution she went to bed very early, but failed to carry it out entirely by falling asleep. On the contrary, she lay tossing nervously from side to side, only losing her consciousness in disagreeable dreams, from which she started up frightened and wretched.

Next morning she was ready and waiting, but not with the sense of rest or anticipation of pleasure. Even the rather obtuse old gentleman noticed her pallor, and feared the disagreeable sense of loneliness in a great hotel had deprived her of repose. She answered with an effort at cheerfulness that it was rather early for her to be stirring, and she supposed her face betrayed her lazy habits.

It was a long and changeful journey through a part of the country entirely new to her. Mr. Penderyl had spoken of the route as displaying cultivated, pleasant scenery, but she found it dreary and desolate in the cool and cloudy April weather. Mr. Parker talked a good deal, but not on subjects to awaken her interest; and finding it difficult to make him hear her, she confined her answers to smiles and nods. So the day wore on, and late evening brought them to the town where the stage connected, and the few miles made in that way, together with a hasty tea at a small hotel in the village, occupied so long a time that it was impossible to go on to Penderyl Grove till morning. So Catharine gladly accepted Mr. Parker's hospitality, and found his family very kind, prime and inquisitive people, who received her with much graciousness.

Mrs. Parker, who from long association had grown to look like her husband, was charmed to be the first to greet the young bride, and her two daughters, elderly maidens, declared that it was the most fortunate thing possible that their papa should have been at the hotel when Mr. Penderyl was called away so suddenly.

"For we shall feel as if we were acquainted with you now, you know," said they; "and this is such a quiet sort of place, with so very, very little society, that it is perfectly delightful to greet a new comer."

"I hope you will encourage social life, Mrs. Penderyl," said the younger sister. "I think Mr. Penderyl would grow really youthful again if he would take an interest in things—not that I mean to call him old—oh, no, pray don't think I could be so rude," she cried, correcting herself and blushing. "I mean that he is so grave and serious—that is, he looks so, and seems so romantically sad. I have often gazed at him with silent admiration and interest."

Catharine laughed at the absurdity of calling her husband elderly and sad, but suppressed her mirth when she noticed the poetic tendencies of the younger Miss Parker.

"My husband is not actually gay, but I do not think you would call him at all melancholy, if you knew him," she said, "and I believe he told me there was excellent society near The Peaks, so there must be another town in the vicinity, or perhaps there are pleasant people scattered about near by."

"The Peaks," echoed Miss Parker. "That is a beautiful name, and so appropriate. Oh, I am delighted with it, Penderyl Peaks! Certainly, just the proper idea. It used to be called The Groves, but The Peaks is quite an improvement."

Catharine was sleepy and stupid after her long day in the cars, and although she tried to look bright and interested, she nodded in spite of every effort, and starting up in confusion at her own want of courtesy, was fain to confess that she was too weary to do anything but go to bed, which the Misses Parker, who seemed perfectly charmed to have met with a new acquaintance, very reluctantly permitted her to do.

In the morning she meant to start at once for her new home, but Mrs. Parker implored her to remain a little while after breakfast, and her host added his entreaties, saying that "the girls" would be glad to accompany her in the open carriage, a few hours later, and as there was no one but the housekeeper at the Grove, it could make no possible difference when she arrived.

She yielded with an effort, for she was most anxious to reach her destination, and found the time pass wearily enough under the inquisitive and endless prattle of the secluded yet sprightly Miss Parkers.

Her thoughts were on the road with her absent bridegroom, and she answered abstractedly, scarcely hearing the import of their words—until at length she proved so unsatisfactory that they suggested to their father that perhaps the carriage had better be ready after early luncheon, and when Mrs. Penderyl was rested they should enjoy the pleasure of another visit from her.

So the carriage was brought; and after thanking her entertainers, and apologizing for her dullness, she sprang in, glad to get away from their pressing civility.

She had not encouraged the idea of the young ladies accompanying her, so she was pleased to be once more alone with her face set towards her future home.

It was only a half hour's drive, and as she wound around the skirt of a heavy wood, a square, dark house, with a sort of turret at one end, lay before her, and the coachman pointing with his whip, said,

"There it is, mum, that's your place, and here's old Antony coming out of the garden now."

As he spoke, an old man with white hair and a shrivelled countenance drew near, and looking somewhat astonished at the approaching carriage, took off his hat and stood waiting.

He was a sad, pallid old man, and he looked like one to whom nothing on this earth could give joy or pleasure again. He knew Mr. Parker's man, but seemed quite pursuaded that they were only stopping to make an inquiry, for he said,

"The road's quite good, Thomas; and the run is so low that you need not go out of your way to the bridge."

"I ain't going any furder," said Thomas, "I come a purpose to fetch Mrs. Penderyl. Your master's went and got married."

Catharine thought she detected the man making an absurd face as he said this, and she certainly saw his listener start and throw up his hands like one who had received a blow.

"Got married," he repeated, slowly and wonderingly, "got married—Mr. Penderyl got married."

Catharine's native dignity came to her rescue.

"Is this my husband's place," she asked of her companion; "is this Penderyl Peaks?"

"There are a peak, certainly," replied Thomas, looking hard at the narrow turret, "but I never heard no one speak of it afore. We calls it the Groves about here, on account o' the woods; but I never heard Mr. Penderyl call it nothing."

"Are you my husband's servant; does he employ you, I mean?" she asked of the old man, whose prolonged stare of sorrowful amazement annoyed her.

"Yes—yes—ma'am; but are you sure. Oh, I beg your pardon—but are you really sure that you are Mr. Penderyl's wife?"

Kate's face flushed indignantly.

"Are there any women servants about the house," she asked; "if so, please tell them to make my room ready; I am come to get the place in order for my husband, who will soon follow me."

The old man looked like one suddenly roused from a dream, and turned to walk towards the house, but soon came back.

Catharine had opened the carriage-door and sprang from the low step to the ground; so that when he returned they faced each other. She was startled by the mournfulness of the visage before her, and despite her efforts to the contrary, trembled with an inexplicable dread of some mysterious trouble impending over her solitary head.

"Did he say there were servants here to receive you, ma'am?" he asked, slowly. "Did he say the house would be in order for you?"

"No," said Catharine, "I did not expect to find it arranged as we would like to have it; he prepared me for that, and I shall not in the least mind a few inconveniences to begin with, I assure you."

So saying, she gathered her shawl over her arm, and telling Thomas to carry her thanks to his master, and please see that her trunks were put in the cart or wagon she would send after them, she prepared to follow Antony into her new home.

The old man sighed heavily as he walked before her, and to her surprise passed by the front entrance and opened a little side gate in a high stone wall, which he partly closed again behind him, turning to speak through the aperture.

"Wait on the portico, if you please, and I'll try and open the hall door. It is many a long day since it was unclosed, and I must go and seek the key."

Saying this, he shut the gate tightly after him; and she heard the bolts drawn, and a heavy key turned.

"What can it mean," she gasped; "surely there is some mistake; the man must be deranged, to look at me so strangely. Oh I wish I had never given my consent to Clement's leaving me!"

The next moment she changed her mind.

"I'm glad he went," said she, "what a weak, selfish creature I am; I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself. He prepared me for all sorts of disagreeable things, and opposed my coming here to face them alone; yet here I am, giving way at the first approach of annoyance," and she nerved herself courageously while she waited under the gloomy porch and counted the knots in the heavy oaken door.

So she waited and waited, and no one came to open it to her. The trees around were just beginning to put out their leaves, there had been heavy rains, and the ground was damp and bare. The air blew chill, and the hurrying clouds in the changing sky above her, affected her spirits with a dreary apprehensiveness she could not define.

At last a step echoed within the hall, and after some difficulty a key turned rustily and bolts were withdrawn.

"One would imagine that I was entering some feudal castle," said she, trying to laugh at the strangeness of her position. "How absurd it is to be awed by an odd old man, or startled by the sound of an awkward key."

The door stood open now, and she passed into a wide but dreary hall, covered with a sombre looking carpet, and furnished with stiff and massive oaken chairs and settees. A broad, bare stairway led upward from within a few feet of the tall doors opening at either hand, and a confused and troubled looking old woman stood ready to receive her, and courtsied in a frightened sort of way, but did not speak.

Catharine smiled kindly.

"What shall I call you?" she asked.

"My name is Eunice, Antony's wife, you know," gasped the attendant, as if she scarcely dare trust herself to speak. "Excuse the place, if you please, for I never could have expected—that is, Mr. Penderyl gave us no warning of your coming, ma'am."

"He expected to be with me and no doubt thought it unnecessary," returned his wife. "He will follow me in a few days, I trust. Meantime, I can busy myself preparing home and making it cheerful and pleasant for him when he comes."

Eunice gave a short groan, which she checked as quickly as it was uttered. After an instant's silence, she shook her head mournfully.

"It was most unlooked for," she said. "Mr. Penderyl had not prepared them for such a strange thing as his marriage, and they must be excused for not being able to realize it just yet."

"Why should it be such a *strange* thing?" thought Catharine; but she only said that she should not at all mind the absence of preparation, that everything could be put in order by-and-by, and would Eunice show her to her room now.

There was only one furnished room in the front of the house, Eunice said falteringly, and that was Mr. Penderyl's. It was damp and cold, because it had not been in use for so long, but it could be aired, and she would light a fire immediately.

She went before and threw open a door in the upper hall; an odd, close smell, in which there was a mingled odor of herbs and drugs and damp and mould assailed her senses, and glancing in she saw a large, curiously furnished room, with stuffed birds and animals, cases of dried plants, piles of old books and scattered portfolios everywhere. There was a great Chinese easy chair, and a lounge covered with stamped leather, besides a few old cabinets and a tall writing desk. These, with a small iron bedstead in one corner, completed the furniture of the apartment, and a more cheerless or grotesque looking place could scarcely be imagined. Catharine shrunk back.

"Is this really the only room I can have?" she asked. "Do not mind about the furniture; it does not matter in the least, but this place is so dull and airless—that is, it has been shut up so closely—I can scarcely imagine my husband ever belonging to such a room."

"It is the only one he ever occupies, but there is another—though I don't think he would like you to go there." Eunice hesitated and looked helplessly from the face of her new mistress to an opposite door across the hall.

"Oh, by all means," cried Catharine, with reviving hopefulness, "this is the apartment he meant, for he told me it had a southern exposure and a window where I could train roses. Oh, yes, I'm sure this is the room he designed for me."

So she ran over and turned the handle of the door, which opened into a pleasant though somewhat faded chamber, fitted up with many pretty contrivances for a lady's comfort and pleasure. There were two large windows facing the south, curtained with what had once been light green damask. The carpet was not worn, but simply faded, as was every article the room contained, and it had been of elegant pattern and delicate coloring.

"Why, this is a charming room," cried Catharine, delightedly. "Oh, I knew he never could have intended me to share that dreadfully dull, musty place across the hall. It looks like a case of mummies; but this is a sweet, pretty chamber, that I shall be encouraged to improve to perfection. Now, Eunice, bring my travelling bag, please; and if you will have a little fire lighted on this hearth, it will be all I can desire."

The woman turned to obey, and Catharine followed her with wondering eyes, for although she was determined to be satisfied and pleased despite appearances, she could not control her surprise or a feeling of distress and annoyance at the manner of the two people who seemed so closely connected with her husband's interests and her new home. Eunice seemed moving under a spell, and her mechanical motions were accompanied by such painful, half smothered sighs, that it was impossible to resist their doleful effect on the spirits.

"She said there was but one furnished room, and evidently did not mean to tell me of this one," thought her new mistress. "What an odd creature, and what a peculiar man her husband is, too. I will not think about them now, however, for no doubt Clement will explain it all when he writes; but oh! when shall I hear from him? I never thought to ask, but surely, surely he will write to me."

She clasped her hands in the excitement of her feelings, but quickly controlled them, for Antony tapped at the door and entered with a basket of wood ready to light the fire.

"This chimney has not been used for many years," said the old man; "it may smoke and give you some trouble."

"Then I'll go down stairs and look over the house, Antony, if you please. I shall want to become accustomed to every thing, so as to see what can be done before my husband's return."

Antony turned round from the hearth where he was kneeling, and with upraised hands besought her not to think of such a thing.

"Forgive me, dear lady, but I know Mr. Penderyl so well that I'm sure you'll excuse my speaking the truth. To touch or disturb anything that he has left will be to distress and anger him beyond measure. Oh, please take an old man's advice, just keep in this room till h
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peal, the young wife
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were covered with
delicate lace work.

"It seems like a
prospecting bride, s
wondering over every
I should enjoy it ver
only here to explai
wait. Oh, yes, I've
to be impatient, and
to ask and hear."

So she sat down a
finding a book that h
in her bag for car-r
be possible to read w
her) commenced to r
suade herself that sh
ed in their meaning.

In hour later Eu
loo-table and laid it
to be a very simple
served on a few m
silver plates.

"We are not used t
said the old woman
Penderyl cares but
aires only the simple

"It is very nice,"
ed to be contented
she said no more les
Eunice to talk, and
spoke she gave her
pain by representing
never known him.

(CONCLUDED

Very Lik

An old whaler, se
some remarkable ya
that on a whaling vo
swimming alongside
suddenly saw an i
down upon him with
not do to dive under
use to try to get as
to escape forward o
destruction. The w
with his ponderous
man made a feint of
but suddenly backed
open jaws before th
shut his mouth ar
while the whale was
tonishment at this
astern of him, reach
the whale, and secu
the shouts and laugh
account, some one
Jonah, but Jack di
was any similarity
"was a landsman an
of a whale, anyhow
was a parson."

☞ TAN.—It is s
moved from the face
in soft water, beat it
it on the face, and le
two. Then wash off
and rinse with soft w

☞ Horses are sol
lars and a half a pie

☞ In the south
louse, there was a r
tween a velocipedist
distance of forty-five
only won by twenty-f
of six hours.

e comes, and then he'll
will allow to be done.
entreated Antony, "and
hose dear to you untold

nusual fervor of this ap-
e stood gazing at him in

I am dreaming," she said
and angry or distressed
anything that I could
Why, my good Antony,
tand Mr. Penderyl, his
iet or reserved, perhaps,
nd gentleness itself, and
of chiding me for any-

ulated the old man, "it
understand him. I have
from the very first and
ince he was a boy that
eaning of sorrow; indeed
for the best."

I should remain a pri-
until my husband comes
d Catharine slowly, im-
power of resistance by
arnestness of his manner.
for I will come and tell
a good time for you to
and there is a pleasant
t you might ramble
house I implore you to
ntil he shall come him-
his will."

inning to fill with smoke
ighted fire. Catharine
leaned out in the free
ull and heavy now, for
ered and overspread the
ture filled the atmos-
d rain. Dreary without
nnd foreboding settling
What could it mean? Her
ed a longing cry for his
is inexplicable shadow—
fly in the light of his
ever dreamed of doubt-
ony was deceived if he
of whims and exacting
him as he really was—
and she only waited his
all into joy and sun-
reary thing to be without
kind of place. But she
nd do what the old man
ather than provoke him
f Clement again.

out of the open window,
ar, the fire crackled on
ngs began to look more

ice with my travelling
w, as I am to be entirely
l my dear husband ar-
ave a cup of tea, and
or my trunks."

relieved to find her in
ame of mind, Antony
his wife to fulfill her
to herself, Catharine
ling dress, brushed her
e garden out of a small
ow that opened on it,
whom this pretty room
tefully arranged.

nce been fresh and very
as worn, but all looked
time. The toilet was
nask, covered with the
s yellow and discolored,
t or cobwebs anywhere,
oot in the room was ex-
had been a marvel of
e corner, it had an arras
h heavy pendant cords
s great square pillows
faded rose color under

n old story," said the
still peeping about and
thing she saw. "I think
y much if Clement were
n—but I can very well
made up my mind not
I shall have so much

t the window again, and
er Cousin Jane had put
eading—(as if it would
when Clement was with
epeat its words and per-
e was strongly interest-

nice brought up a little
for dinner, which proved
entertainment, though
assive and curious old

o preparing fine meals,"
apologetically. "Mr.
little for food, and de-
st dishes."

said his wife, determin-
with everything, but
t she should encourage
whenever the poor soul
r a strange, indefinable
her husband as she had

NEXT WEEK.)

---

e a Whale.

ated in the bows, told
arns, one of which was
yage he chanced to be
of the ship, when he
mmense whale bearing
great force. It would
him, and it was of no
ern of him, and trying
him would be certain
hale came rapidly on,
jaws wide open. The
swimming before him,
and went through the
e monster had time to
nd swallow him; then
recovering from his as-
evasion, the man got
ed the ship, harpooned
red the prize. During
ter which followed this
compared his case to
d not allow that there
. "Jonah," he said,
d a lubber to get inside
, and, besides, Jonah

---

id that tan can be re-
by dissolving magnesia
to a thick mass, spread
t it remain a minute or
with castile soap suds,
ater.

d at Hawaii at two dol-
ce.

of France, near Tou-
ace not long since be-
and a horseman for a
miles, which the latter
ive minutes, after a run

A Midnight Adventure:

Or, An Encounter With a Preacher.

BY J. MILTON HOFFMAN.

Some years ago, while journeying through the central part of Ohio, a terrible snow-storm occurred, which so obstructed the road that several passengers, including myself, were obliged to find accommodations in a small woodern tavern situated near by. After satisfying our "inner man" with a warm supper, we all congregated around the bar-room fire, and soon were engaged in smoking, telling stories, and enjoying ourselves generally.

Among us was a middle-aged gentleman, apparently a merchant, who remained a silent listener to the conversation the first part of the evening, but soon our vocabulary of stories was exhausted, and the gentleman was politely invited to revive the drooping conversation by relating a story. He readily accepted the invitation, and told the following, which I give to the reader as near as my memory will permit:—

About twenty years ago, he began, I was connected with a wealthy firm in St. Louis, and desiring to visit New Orleans, was entrusted with a considerable sum of money by my employers, to be conveyed with all possible haste to a New Orleans merchant.

Early in the morning I got on board the boat, and leaned listlessly over the railing, watching the inhabitants as they went forth to their various occupations. I had not remained in that position long before the steamer moved slowly away from the pier, and soon the city was entirely lost to view.

During the day nothing transpired to render the voyage disagreeable, and as the shades of night began to hover over the water I repaired to the saloon, where several gentlemen were engaged in a rather stormy discussion of politics. Soon I became entangled along with the rest, and gave my particular views on political subjects.

While conversing, I thoughtlessly mentioned the fact of my having a large sum of money in my possession. Nothing further was said about it at the time, however, but the thought flashed upon my mind that, in a crowd of such desperate and unprincipled individuals as were my associates, it was not the place to tell such a secret, which kept me rather backward in conversation during the remainder of the evening. I retired soon after, fully resolved to be more prudent in the future.

The next day I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who professed to be a Methodist clergyman. He gave me several tracts, and soon we entered into a conversation that resulted in quite a friendly intimacy. He appeared to be well versed in his profession, and, altogether, a very agreeable companion. After conversing on the various topics of the day, the conversation naturally turned to the previous evening's discussion. Not being very well pleased with what had occurred at that time, I attempted to change the subject, but was prevented by my friend's remarking—

"You were very indiscreet, Mr. R——, in revealing the fact that you had money in your possession. There are men on this boat who would not hesitate to rob you, if an opportunity presented; therefore I advise you to be more careful hereafter."

I thanked him for his kind advice, and assured him that I intended to keep aloof from all suspicious individuals.

To this he made no reply, but rose from his seat, and with cane in hand walked leisurely away to his room, leaving me to my own reflections, which were that I had a good companion and a valuable friend in the preacher.

On the journey I made the acquaintance of several gentlemen, but none that I valued so much as the clergyman. Nothing occurred of note after this, and we arrived late in the evening at New Orleans. Not being very well acquainted in the city, my friend offered to conduct me to a hotel where my expenses would not be very heavy, as I wished to spend as little money as possible. I thankfully accepted his company, and we walked up the street several blocks, when he gave me the proper direction to take, while he was obliged to go another way.

After parting with him I wended my way to the hotel, which was situated a little off from the busy thoroughfare. It was a large building, and had a very old and dingy appearance, and, in fact, did not look very inviting to the traveller; but as I did not expect to stay only a short time, I concluded to accept the accommodations, as they were much cheaper than could be found elsewhere.

I entered the bar-room, and after registering my name and eating a light supper, I asked to be shown to my room, and was conducted up a flight of rickety old stairs, to a small square room, where my guide left me. Proceeding to examine the apartment, I found that it contained one small window, which looked out on a dark back alley. The furniture consisted of a bed, a couple of chairs, a stand, and a heavy oaken cupboard, some three feet high and about eight feet long, with strong side doors. The appearance of the room did not disperse the gloomy feelings of distrust that I experienced when I first saw the building. However, I determined to make the best of it now I was there.

I noticed, before coming to the room, that thick masses of clouds were gradually gathering over the city, and the distant rumbling of thunder, with sharp, quick flashes of lightning, that quivered across the western horizon, denoted an approaching storm.

Being very tired, I immediately disrobed and jumped into bed, and was fast falling into a dreamless slumber, when a low, scratching sound attracted my attention. It seemed to come from some place in the room, but I could not tell exactly where. My nervousness increased as the sound continued, till I determined to ferret out the cause of the disturbance. I jumped from the bed, and looked cautiously around the room for some time, but could discover nothing. The sound had entirely subsided, and nothing could be heard save the wind, which whistled mournfully by the window, or the distant rumbling of the thunder which denoted the approaching storm.

At last I concluded that it must be the window-blind, or some such object, driven by the force of the wind against the house. Arriving at this conclusion, I again jumped into bed, and laid for a long time, vainly endeavoring to sleep; but finding it impossible, I busied myself watching the expiring flames of the taper, till a stray gust of wind whistled through the broken window and extinguished the object of my attention.

The storm, which had long been threatening, now burst forth in all its wild grandeur. The rolling thunder grew louder at each successive report; vivid flashes of lightning darted across the heavens, illuminating the room with its lurid flame, so that every object was plainly visible; the next moment pitch darkness followed so impenetrable that the most prominent objects were perfectly hidden to the eye.

While lying there, looking out from under the bed-clothes, trembling with fear, the scratching sound commenced with renewed vigor, making the room resound with the peculiar noise which had before annoyed me.

Large drops of perspiration stood upon my brow, and rising to a sitting posture, I tremblingly gazed out into the darkness, trying to discern the objects as the lightning flashes penetrated the room.

At that moment a livid sheet of radiance passed before me, and in an instant I beheld a man's arm protruding from the cupboard, while the hand grasped, as if for support, the strong oaken door.

I realized my situation immediately, and springing from the bed I grasped a heavy boot which lay near, and, brandishing it over my head, I breathlessly awaited for the lightning again to appear. It was but a moment ere a living flame quivered through the air, revealing the head and shoulders of as villanous looking a man as I ever before beheld. The left hand supported the creeping form, while the other clutched tightly a large revolver. The hand was uplifted, and our eyes met. As quick as thought I bounded straight for the rascal, yelling—

"You infernal villain!"

The only answer I received was the sharp crack of a pistol, the ball whistling by and lodging in the wall near me. The next moment the heavy boot came down with a terrible crash on the rascal's face, making him yell something that I was unable to understand, for a loud peal of thunder drowned the sentence.

He struggled fiercely to free himself from the cupboard, but by my repeating the blow he was obliged to push back into his hiding-place.

With a movement certainly commendable, I closed the heavy doors, and grasped the oaken structure by the top and pulled it over on its face, and sprang upon it, while the cursing which came from within could scarcely be heard above the raging storm which kept up an incessant roar.

Undressed, and trembling with fear, for one long hour I sat, yelling at the top of my voice for assistance, but was unheard on account of the raging elements without.

At last the storm gradually abated, and my cries were heard by the Irish chambermaid, who came running into the room; but, upon seeing me in such an unenviable situation, she frantically ran down stairs yelling "murder!" with all the vehemence her vigorous lungs would permit. This brought to my room a crowd of excited individuals, all eager to find out the cause of the disturbance.

I explained the case as well as my shattered faculties would allow, but was frequently interrupted by the blasphemous harangue which the robber was holding forth within the cupboard.

After concluding, I jumped from my seat and stood a few steps away, breathlessly waiting while my friends, by the aid of a dim lantern, dragged forth, hatless and bleeding, his locks dishevelled, and his face all bespattered with blood, the would-be murderer—my trusted friend, the preacher.

I recognized his face immediately, and springing back, I threw up my hands in horror and astonishment. The villain gazed steadfastly at me with a sickly smile, which told plainer than words that I was not the first victim of misplaced confidence.

A person was immediately sent to inform the authorities, who took him into custody, and afterwards sentenced him to a long term in the state penitentiary.

After the excitement had somewhat abated, I retired and slept soundly for the rest of the night, and was permitted to depart the next morning, thankful that I had escaped unharmed from the murderous rascal, and fully resolved never again to place confidence in an entire stranger, whatever profession he might represent.

☞ The compositor is one of the enigmas of China, and therefore worthy of a paragraph. There are some twelve or fifteen of them employed in the composition room of the Press office, Hong Kong, who "set" from six to nine thousand per day each. While it is indisputable, is almost beyond belief, that notwithstanding these compositors set type, not a single one of them understands a word of English, and have not the faintest idea of what they are placing in type. They set manuscript with as much facility as they do reprint, and but few American printers can set type faster, or with fewer errors. These printers are cheap workers and consider themselves well paid when they receive fifteen dollars per month, and perhaps they are, for that is big wages for a Chinaman in his own country. There are some very tasty and rapid job printers among the Chinese, who do work to the satisfaction of all who employ them.

☞ The number of cattle driven out of Texas this season is estimated at half a million. A Texan states that this large amount of cattle will hardly be missed from the prairies.

☞ Grapes are bought by the California wine maker delivered at his press, clean, for seventy cents per one hundred pounds; and it is stated that in one thousand pounds scarcely one pound of unripe or rotten berries has to be cut out from the bunches.

☞ The grain merchants of St. Louis have decided that thirty-two instead of thirty-five pounds of oats shall constitute a bushel in that market.

☞ To Kill Flies.—The Journal des Connaissances Medicales informs us that the best way to kill flies is to coat a piece of board with treacle; and when full of victims, to scrape them off and renew the operation. This is infinitely preferable to all the arsenical preparations so often recommended, since flies will get away from them and die on some alimentary substance prepared for man, and thus introduce into it the poison which is the cause of their death.

☞ Cuvier, the naturalist, was in his favorite pursuit very democratic in his tastes. He treated all men as his equals, and would not allow others to treat him as their superior. One day while discussing a question in anatomy with a young naturalist, the latter constantly interjected in his conversation, "Monsieur le Baron." "There is no Baron here," replied Cuvier; "there are two students seeking the truth, and bowing down only to her."

☞ The Abyssinian expeditionists have introduced the custom of eating raw beef, with much mustard and pepper, in England. It is said to be gaining hosts of adherents.

Our Summer Recreations.

The dog-day season is oddly enough pitched upon by nearly all of our people who are able, to travel away from home in search of health and comfort. At a time when the sun is at its hottest, and when locomotion of all kinds is only attained at a maximum of discomfort, we insist upon moving. We quit our comparatively cool and roomy houses, where the summer heats are tempered by shady walls, abundant ice, entire freedom as to costume, and all varieties of domestic comforts, to put up with confined and narrow lodgings beneath the hot roofs of wooden hotels, and to pursue the phantom of hope through a long course of laborious dressing, dancing, driving, and bathing, impelled by the grand idea that we are taking our summer recreation.

If any gentle reader, with the classic story of Æsop fresh in his mind, insinuates that our summer grapes are only sour to ourselves, and that we are abusing the country because we happen to be involuntary members of the Can't-get-away Club, we add that this doesn't affect the case, as we have been there before. We know all about it, practically, theoretically and experimentally. We have tried travelling in dog-days, and we have tried staying at home. We have been boarded at all sorts of summer resorts, drank all kinds of waters, bathed in every description of surf and still water, fished and boated (oh, how heavy the oars were!) in fresh water and salt, and striven to imbibe the pleasures of country hotel life in most of the Northern states of this Union; and we declare it as our unhesitating conviction, that about the poorest and most uncomfortable place to be in during dog-days, is your watering-place. There is no balm in that Gilead. All the devices you are so well accustomed to at home for alleviating the heat, fail you abroad. You are morally certain to be victimised by mosquitoes, aggravated by heat, tantalized by fools, patronized by swells, neglected by waiters, bullied by hackmen, and swindled by landlords. If you stay any considerable time you may lay your account of losing, perhaps your digestion, probably your temper, and certainly your money.

Our English cousins, taught by long experience, manage these things somewhat better. They go a recreating, not in the torrid days of July and August, but in the cool and delightful weather of September and October. The London "season" is about at its height in the months when our fashionable classes are all scattered at the watering-places. Parliament assembles in February, and seldom rises before August. The summer months in London are the signal for an inexhaustible round of gayety and dissipation. The many comforts of great London houses, in which luxury is carried to its perfection, and living is raised into a fine art, make it easy to assuage the terrors of hot weather. That blistering, burning kind of heat, which afflicts us wherever the sun has full power, is tempered in the city among the thick-walled dwellings of brick and stone, both nonconductors of heat. The dog-days well over, the Englishmen begin to venture abroad. The country then has charms to which it is a stranger during the blazing days of mid-summer. Long walks and drives, sailing, rowing, and fishing, horse-racing, cricket, and other athletic sports, now become the order of the day. All these demand more or less of active exertion; and active exertion is only beneficial (not to say possible) to sedentary men when the bodily powers are sustained by a reasonably cool and bracing atmosphere.

There are other reasons why the autumn months are more agreeable seasons for recreation than midsummer. All kinds of travel, whether by railway, steamer, stage coach, or private conveyance, become then more easy. A certain peevish or fretful mood is almost inseparable from the task of travelling far in hot weather; and this is much aggravated in the case of children. But take the cool autumn days, and it is a perfect luxury to travel. The sense of locomotion through the fresh and balmy air becomes an exquisite delight, far removed from the feeling which the hot siroccos of dog-days so widely engender.

Again, the time to visit hotels and watering-places is best chosen when the throng of summer guests have begun to take their flitting. At the height of the season, as it is called, so great is the crush and rush of people that decent accommodations are with difficulty to be got, and comfort is impossible. The rooms are all crowded with boarders for the season, and transient guests must be colonized in outside cottages (hot, wooden, unventilated and comfortless,) or else encamped on cots in the parlors, like so many animals in a menagerie. The results are anything but pleasing. The steamboats are equally crowded, and whoever desires to get a maximum of misery for a minimum of money, let him take passage about these days on any steamer between New York and Boston, over Long Island Sound. If he comes forth out of that purgatory with any remaining belief in man as a civilized animal, we will grant him a full certificate of insensibility. But let him try these steamers when the rush is over, and he will nowhere else find such delightful means of travel.

Of course, we have no idea that the sovereign American public is going to change its season for taking its beloved recreations. In dog-days they began, and in dog-days they will probably end. It is nothing that it is the worst possible time for health and for enjoyment. It is nothing that the city is far more comfortable at that season than hired places in the country. It is nothing that the crowds that jostle each other at every place of fashionable resort effectually destroy what comfort there might be were their numbers distributed over a larger space of time. It is nothing that travelling is then the most detestable, and that the attention of waiters is then the most unattainable. So long as it is the fashion to go recreating in dog-days, so long will everybody go. Your independent American citizen is, in some things, the completest slave of custom that walks the globe.

☞ A schoolmaster, after giving one of his pupils a sound drubbing for speaking bad grammar, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, and at the same time promised to repeat the dose if he spoke to him ungrammatically. The youngster, being quite satisfied with what he got, determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow-pupil: "A common substantive of the masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in an angry mood, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other end of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense."

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ The most striking case of the effects of lightning recorded occurred during a tempest at Landerneau and St. Pol de Leon, France, where 24 churches were struck, though only three distinct claps of thunder were heard.

☞ They estimate at seventeen million of pieces the annual fabrication of calico in Europe; it has a value of eighty millions of dollars, and employs 3,500,000 individuals.

☞ The New Orleans Times says the commercial flags in that city are at half-mast in memory of departed business.

☞ The last new thing in ladies' fashions is patent eyelashes.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Sales of 6000 bbl Flour, mostly extra family, at $9,50@11,50 for North-West; $10@12,50 for Pennsylvania and Ohio do, including some fancy lots at $12,50@13,75; extra at $8@9, and superfine at $7,25@7,75. Rye Flour—200 bbls sold at $9,50.

GRAIN—Wheat—Sales of 26,000 bus fair and strictly choice red at $2,35@2,50; 2000 bus amber at $2,48@2,52; 2000 bus No 1 spring at $2,20@2,25; 800 bus No 2 do at $2,10; and 500 bus white at from $2,45@2,08. Rye—2000 bus sold at $1,60@1,70. Corn—Sales of 20,000 bus at $1,27@1,30 for Western and Pennsylvania yellow, and $1,24@1,26 for Western mixed. Oats—Sales of 23,000 bus old Pennsylvania and Delaware red at 85c, and new at 80c.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing. Sales of mess Pork at $20,50@20. Mess Beef sells at $27,50 for city packed family. Beef Hams—50 tcs western Dried Beef sold at 21@22c. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 20@22c; sides at 17½@18c, and shoulders at 14½@14¾. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 19@19½c; shoulders at 13½c. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs western at 18@19½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 25@30c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 16@16½c. Eggs sell at 18@23c.

COTTON—Sales of 780 bales at 29½@30c for middling Uplands, and 30½@31c for New Orleans.

BEESWAX—Small sales of yellow at 44½@45c.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $3@5 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit—Sales of Apples at 7@14c, and Peaches at 16c for halves.

HOPS—We quote New York at 10@30c.

IRON—Pig Metal is held firmly. Sales of No 1 Foundry at $40, and No 2 at $38. Manufactured Iron commands $65 for Bars.

SEEDS—We quote Cloverseed at 8@9. Timothy—Sales of 2000 bus at $2,75@3,25. Flaxseed is worth $2,50@55.

TALLOW is sold at 12½@13c for city rendered, and 12@12½c for country.

WOOL—Sales of 4000 lbs at 30@32c for unwashed and 42@48c for common and fine fleece. Tub Wool commands 50@54c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2280 head. The prices realized from 9@9¾ cts ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—8000 head were disposed of at from 4½@5¾ cts ₱ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $14 to 14,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

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AT CARGO PRICES.

CLUB ORDERS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
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ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green), best $1 50 ₱ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c, 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Unground), 30c. 35c., best 40c. ₱ lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 35c ₱ lb.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

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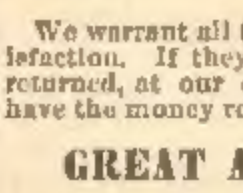

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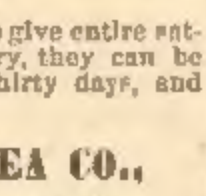

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$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. aug15-2m

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This medicine increases
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MEN, WOMEN,

HELMBOLD'S E
FOR WEAKNESS, WITH TH
Indisposition to exertion,
Loss of memory,
Weak nerves,
Horror of disease,
Dimness of vision,
Hot hands,
Dryness of the skin,
Universal lassitude of the
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Personally appeared bef
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sworn, doth say his prepara
mercury, or other injurious
table.
Sworn and subscribed be
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Ninth street.
PRICE $1.25 PER BOT
Delivered to any address, s
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FLUID EXTRACT BU
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For sale by all druggists.
Ask for Helmbold's; take
Cut out this advertisemo
NONE ARE GENUINE un'e
wrapper, with fac-simile s
and signed

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LUID EXTRACT
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SPECIFIC REMEDY
SES OF THE
EYS, GRAVEL, AND
SWELLINGS.

the power of digestion, and
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ations and all unnatural en-
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AND CHILDREN.

XTRACT BUCHU
S FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS:
Loss of power,
Difficulty of breathing,
Trembling,
Wakefulness.
Pain in the back,
Flushing of the body,
Eruptions on the face,
Pallid countenance.

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IN VACUO,
ELMBOLD,
Chemist, and Sole Manufac-
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uine Preparation.

DAVIT.
ore me, an alderman of the
. Helmbold, who, being duly
tions contain no narcotic, no
drugs, but are purely vege-
H. T. HELMBOLD
fore me this 23d day of No-
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TLE, OR SIX FOR $6.50.
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dress letters to
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CAL WAREHOUSE,
ay, New York,
OR
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h St., Philada., Pa.
ERFEITS AND UNPRIN-
DEALERS,
" of their own" and "other
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INE PREPARATIONS.
CHU,
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everywhere.
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t and send for it.
as done up in steel engraved
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RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 607 Broadway.

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Offers GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

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Assets	**$1,000,000**
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Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 29 to 70 per cent.

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The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

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One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
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Three annual payments will continue the policy in force six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments will continue the policy in force eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments will continue the policy in force ten years and fifty-six days.
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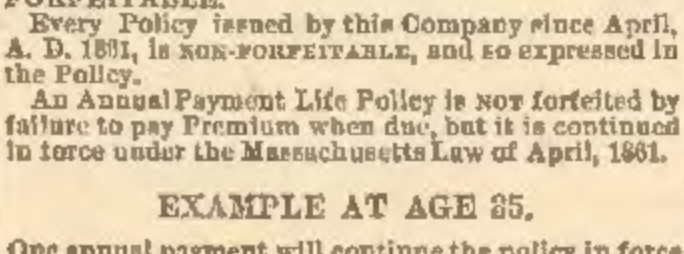

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DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

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Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

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CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. aug1-4t

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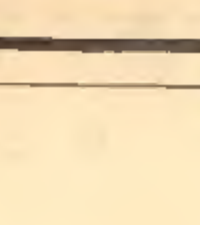
THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 10 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. my2-17t



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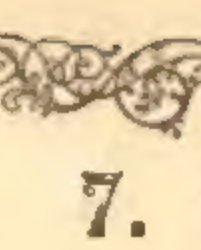

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

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Also, family quarto Bibles, best edition published.
WILLIAM FLINT, Publisher,
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QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP.

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For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the

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$50 FOR 30 CENTS.—Fine Steel Engraving of GEN. GRANT sent to any address, postpaid, for 30 cents, and a chance to obtain a PREMIUM of $50; a CASH present with every picture.
Address ENGRAVING CO.,
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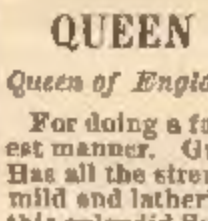
TROY BELL FOUNDRY.



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Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for
Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.
Made of Pure Bell Metal,
(Copper and Tin.)
HUNG WITH PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE.
FULLY WARRANTED.
FOR CIRCULARS ADDRESS,
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A LADY who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp,
MRS. M. MERRITT,
P. O. Box 368, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. aug1-8t

CORNS BUNIONS, BADNAILS, etc., cured by Dr. J. Briggs, 208 Broadway, cor. Fulton. *Briggs' Curative*, a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. By mail, 60 c. and $1 20.

CATARRH HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, &c. cured by *BRIGGS' Allevantor* a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. 50c. & $1. Samples free by Express Dr J. BRIGGS & Co. 208 Broadway N. Y
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500 PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS of the most celebrated personages of the age, mailed for 10 cents. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. my10-6m

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 20 cents, twice as many 30 cents. MANSON LANG 94 Columbia St., New York City. my30-6m

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SPANISH CURLING CREAM—An exquisite pomade for Curling straight Hair into wavy ringlets or massive curls. *Warranted.* Mailed for $1. Address J. JENNISON, Box 5374 P. O., New York. je20-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Barkis is Willin'."

At a meeting of the conference lately held in S——, a small town in the southwestern part of New Hampshire, there were present the Rev. Dr. ——, who has been settled over one parish in a neighboring town for fifty years, and a young man who served as colleague just long enough to succeed in dividing the society, and establishing one for his special accommodation, drawing after him, much to the good doctor's grief, some who had sat under his preaching for many years.

This young man having affluence of speech, occupied much of the time of the conference in stating and explaining his love for sinners, stating again and again that his love for them was so great that he would willingly die for them, and, if necessary, be damned for them. Upon the conclusion of his address, Dr. —— arose, and looking about with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, said that the remarks of his young friend reminded him of a story told many years ago of Deacon ——, whose wife said one day at the table that she should be willing to die for sinners.

"What's that you say, wife?" asked her husband, looking up from his breakfast in surprise.

Upon her repeating the statement, the deacon only replied, "If *you* are willing, and *God* is willing, I have no objections."

Without other words of explanation, Dr. —— sat down in the midst of an audible smile from the conference.

All a Setting.

Old farmer Gruff was one morning tugging away with all his might and main at a barrel of apples which he was endeavoring to get up the cellar stairs, and calling at the top of his voice for one of his boys to lend a helping hand, but in vain. When he had, after an infinite amount of puffing and sweating, accomplished the task, and just when they were not needed, of course, the boys made their appearance. "Where have you been, and what have you been about, I'd like to know; couldn't you hear me call?" inquired the farmer, in an angry tone, addressing the eldest. "Out in the shop setting the saw," replied the youth. "And you, Dick?" "Out in the barn setting the hen." "And you, sir?" "Up in Granny's room settin' the clock!" "And you, young man?" "Up garret, settin' the trap." "And now, master Fred, where were you *setting?*" asked the old farmer of his youngest progeny, the asperity of his temper being somewhat softened by this amusing catalogue of answers. "Come, let's hear!" "On the door-step, settin' still," replied the young hopeful, seriously. "A remarkable *set*, I must confess," added the amused sire, dispersing the grinning group with a wave of his hand.

A Cautious Sinner.

Some years ago there was a good deal of excitement among the people in a certain town in C—— county, Vermont, on the subject of religion, and almost every man in the place was more or less awakened to a sense of his sinfulness, and made public declaration of his intention to lead a different life. Among the rest were three of the principal men of the village, whom we will call M——, B——, and G——, who, being all present at one of the meetings, took part in the proceedings, to the great joy of the faithful, and much to the astonishment of "the rest of mankind" then and there assembled. M—— rose first, and having made a general confession of his unworthiness, said in conclusion, that he had always intended to be an honest man, but if he had wronged any one, he was willing to make full restitution. B—— followed, speaking in pretty much the same manner. G—— arose next, and spoke of his sins and wickedness in quite as strong terms as the others had done; but, coming to the "restitution" clause, he remarked, with a caution characteristic of himself, "If there is any man that I have defrauded, I shall be most happy to sit down and talk it over with him!"

Buying a Glass.

A friend who fights shy of everything that savors of trade, owing to a recent unlucky picture speculation, when accosted in a down town store the other day by a member of one of the twelve tribes regarding the purchase of a magnifying glass, almost screamed "No!" in the ear of the astonished Israelite.

"You shall have him four dollar seventy-five," he responded.

"Don't want it!" yelled our friend.

"Four dollar," continued the son of Abraham.

"Get out! Don't want it!" cried our friend, very red in the face.

"What will you give for him, then?" pressed the imperturbable peddler; "make me one offer?"

"Well, then, seventy-five cents," said the unwilling customer.

"Do you wish to insult me, sir?" replied the peddler, looking grave.

"Yes!" said our friend, as short as pie-crust; "yes, 'twas my intention to insult you, now what are you going to do about it?"

"You shall have him."

The magnifying glass was handed over and the seventy-five cents paid with a feeling of mutual satisfaction.

Mr. Ward's Adventure.

Artemus Ward had an adventure in Boston which resulted as follows:—

"I returned in the horse cars part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sat near me, and was tellin' a young man how much he reminded her of a young man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and smilin' in a seductive manner, I said to the girl in spectacles:

"Don't I remind you of somebody you used to know?"

"Yes," said she, "you do remind me of one man—but he was sent to the Penitentiary for stealin' a barrel of mackerel; he died there, so I conclood you aint him."

"I didn't pursoo the conversation."

ABOUT RIGHT.—A youngster happened to be playing in the room where his mother and a lady visitor were conversing. Another friend called in the meantime, and after she left, the two—after the manner of the sex—commenced to discuss her peculiarities very freely. Willie was apparently busy with his toys; but, after a little, looked up shrewdly and said to the visitor: "Mrs. Butler, that's the mamma will talk about you when you go away!" The youthful philosopher was about right.

LETTING HIM DOWN GENTLY.

PODGERS.—"D' see the lovely creature I danced last galop with t
SMITH.—"Oh, yes—know her very well. Married to a confoun
who insists upon her dancing with the *plainest men* in the room."

Ladies' Trains.

It is not known where the following manifesto came from, but it is, we suppose, official:

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S)
OFFICE, May, 1868.)

Rule 1. No train, after this date, will be made up of greater length than the height of the propelling power.

Rule 2. In coming down heavy grades (church steps, for instance,) first-class trains will move as rapidly as safety will allow, but all accommodating trains will proceed slowly, and stop frequently to allow people to step on the trains. Caution, however, is necessary in starting up whilst people are so engaged, to prevent accidents.

Rule 3. All trains to be held up at crossings. All empty "flats" standing on the "sidings" at the time should be switched off.

Rule 4. When three or more trains are proceeding in company they should always move side by side, and on no account whatever change this position. Trains approaching from the opposite direction must keep out of the way. (This rule is imperative.)

Rule 5. If it is desirable to attach a "flat" to a moving train, speed should be slackened and signals given by bowing. The "flat" will respond by throwing away its cigar, twirling its moustache, and elevating its hat. The answering signal is a smile, which signifies "couple on;" after "coupling" the combined train will proceed very slowly—very.

By order of FASHION, President.
A. LA MODE, Gen. Supt.

Is Consumption Contagious?

Eminent French, English and American physicians advocate the doctrine that "consumption is catching." Morgagni, one of the greatest medical lights of his time, was such a firm believer in the opinion, that he never would assist in the examination of a person who had died of the disease. Some of the most distinguished writers as well as some of the most celebrated and successful practitioners in that disease have eventually died of it themselves, among whom were the great Laennec, Morton, Wooster, and not forgetting the empiric St. John Long, (so said.)

A large number of persons evidently consumptive will be found on inquiry to have had a husband, wife, sister, or child to have died of that disease. Statistics seem to show that a wife whose husband is consumptive, is more liable to consumptive disease than a healthy husband with a consumptive wife; the reason of this, if true, will suggest itself to the thoughtful.

Introducing the matter of small-pox into the system prevents small-pox. Laennec inoculated himself with consumptive matter but it did not "take." He subsequently died of consumption himself. He made this experiment to show that consumption was not inoculable. MM. Alberti and Biett thought that cancer was not communicable by the matter of cancer, and to prove it, tried to inoculate themselves with it but it did not "take." Both of them died afterwards from cancer.

It is most probable that consumption is not of itself communicable, that it cannot beget consumption in one who has vigorous health and is perfectly free from all taint of the disease. But if any person who has not a vigorous constitution, whether inclined to consumption or not, lives, eats and sleeps with a consumptive, as man and wife do, as a sister is apt to do with a consumptive sister, or a mother with consumptive children, such persons will very generally die of consumption themselves, not from its communicability *per se*, but from the foulness of the atmosphere about a consumptive, from warm rooms, decaying lungs, large expectoration, sickening night-sweats and bodily emanations; but the same amount of exposure to air made foul in any other way would light up the fires of consumption in one of feeble vitality or broken constitution. It is best, therefore, that the nurse of a consumptive should possess the most vigorous health, and to make assurance from infection doubly sure, the most scrupulous cleanliness possible should be observed and carried out in every conceivable direction, extended to every minutiæ and maintained with the most inveterate constancy through every hour of the twenty-four, not allowing any excretion, even a single expectoration, to remain about the person, bed or room for one instant. An incessant ventilation should be going on in the chamber, the best method for which under most circumstances is simply to keep a fire on the hearth and an inner door open; even in mid-summer, this is better for the patient as well for the nurse than a room kept closed all the time from an almost insane dread of taking cold. —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SUMMER

O Paphian Goddess once
O'er Cyprus, come bac
When the fresh claret-c
And, playful, we garla
Of the girl who is faires
With roses, like Horac
O come back that our jo
With Summer once m

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Its wavelets encircle t
O Venus give power to c
And teach us love's h
For the June days have
With Summer once m

The Yes But G

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can't have any preserv
Another cannot forget
light wood knots and
longs for a Carolina s
can make five or six
corn per acre. Some h
objections. Here is the
versation with a well-to
"I see this is a great
said I.
"Yes; but it's so fa
wheres," he replied.
"You have fine roads
equal."
"Yes; but it's terribl
rains."
"I never saw better
"Yes; but people d
thing but beef."
"Such a delightful
must be good."
"Yes; but the north
constitution."
"Your land is rich;
abundantly."
"Yes; but the gras
up my green patch."
"Your hogs will fatt
pers."
"Yes; but it worri
catch the thing."
"Your chickens are
catch them."
"Yes; but it makes
they say."
By this time there w
mor in the turn things h
leave.
"Good-by, my incor
you come to a more che
by, till we meet again."
"Yes; but we may
this world."
"And I rather hope
me from the "yes but'
ple who love to be mise
pleasure in taking the
Providence."

The Divi

Among the successfu
world there was in Fra
century, one which des
dence of even the presc
sician whose sands of li
out for more years tha
It was the Divine Pill (
was the invention of on
himself one of the mo
of his own or any other
the legitimate," said h
starved; so I betook m
mate. It was an inspi
mine would have been
world is composed mos
young in experience, bu
truth. I bought a c
painted in gayest colors
a coat half scarlet and
couriers, similarly attir
riage, which moved s
proclaiming loudly the
of the Divine Pill. An
I had taken care of t
genious quack gold flow
The pill was used even
Devine laid up money
time to make him rich
that he made his hay wh
after a while a few pati
the pill, a prejudice set
popularity declined as
arisen; but before this
a degree which almost

☞ Said a member
other, "I can give five
and not feel it." "I
panion, "give ten and

☞ If an elephant c
an hour, and carry his
he go if he had a little
him?

"
ledly jealous fellow,

ER.

ruling
k to us now
up has been cooling,
and the brow
t and sweetest
ce of yore,
y be completest
ore.

s but a dreaming
sh at dawn.
leaming,
he lawn.
ur wooing,
liest lore;
proved our undoing,
ore.

eneration.

le orchard; his wife
es as she used to.
the convenience of
spring water," and
andbank, where he
bushels of nubbing
ave more formidable
substance of a con-
-do person:
country you live in,"
r to town, or any-
; I never saw their
e travelling when it
beef than yours."
on't like to eat no-
climate—your health
ers are awful on the
and it produces so
shoppers have eaten
en on the grasshop-
s them to death to
ery lively—they can
their meat taste—so
as a twinkle of hu-
nd taken, and I took
asolate friend; may
erful mind—so good-
never meet again in
we won't. Deliver
generation—a peo-
rable, and who take
other side against

ne Pill.

l impositions of the
nce, during the last
erves to take prece-
riptions of that phy-
fe have been running
n one cares to count.
Pilule Divine.) This
e Dr. Eugene Devine,
st skillful physicians
time. "I had tried
e," and should have
yself to the illegiti-
cation without which
defeated life. The
tly of fools. I was
t I had grasped that
arriage and had it
; the coachman were
half yellow. Two
ed, proceded the car-
lowly and solemnly,
transcendent virtues
I it *was* a good pill.
hat." Upon this in-
ved in like a torrent.
at the court, and Dr.
enough in a short
for life. It was well
ile the sun shone; for
ents died, in spite of
in against it, and its
rapidly as it had
it had succeeded to
transcends belief.

of a church to an-
dollars for this object
Then," said his com-
feel it."

an travel eight miles
trunk, how fast could
page to carry it for

AGRICULTURAL.

Root Crops.

We are satisfied from observation that the culture of roots can be made very profitable, and the wonder is that our farmers are so slow to perceive this. A single acre of land properly tilled, and planted in rutabagas, beets, carrots, and parsnips, will produce more food for stock, and of better quality, than any five acres of grass. The sugar beets and long reds yield enormously, and so do carrots and parsnips. For milch cows there is hardly any food so good as these roots, and all kinds of live stock thrive on them. There is this advantage, too, in cultivating parsnips, that they may grow in the ground all winter, and they furnish the best food that can be given to fresh cows. With plenty of roots, cattle, sheep and horses keep in better condition than when fed entirely on dry hay and grain, and there is no question about the saving and profit of feeding roots. Any farmer who gives the root culture a fair trial will be surprised to discover how much labor he has thrown away every year in supplying provender. With ordinary care the yield of rutabagas will rarely fall short of 500 bushels to the acre on good soil, and a much larger quantity can be produced. And so of other varieties of turnips, and of all roots. In this region no other crops can be grown more profitably, and the soil and climate are so favorable that it is rarely these crops fail. We hope to see our farmers generally turn their attention to this lucrative branch of their vocation, for we are sure they will reap a rich reward for their efforts.—*Meadville Republican.*

Cotton Seed Oil.

Some interest is being excited in this subject in the South. The process of extraction is simple, and not expensive. The seed needs only to be crushed and pressed; indeed, in many instances, a preliminary crushing is not employed. The pressure may be applied by the hydraulic press, which is the ordinary method, or by the old-fashioned Dutch wedge-press. The outfit of a mill of this latter sort is easily obtained. A wheel with cams, a few upright clamps, a series of wedges in open blocks, and a set of edge-stones, is all that is required. Any millwright could soon rig up an establishment of the sort to do the work for a considerable neighborhood. The hydraulic presses will do more work in a given time, if furnished with substantial retainers.

When the oil is first expressed, it is very dark in color, and this has been one of the drawbacks to its general use in the arts. It is, however, easily clarified. Even in its dark state it makes a capital common soap, in color much resembling brown Windsor; and very good toilet soap has been made from it.

The oil is quoted in England at 8 cents a pound gold, and the cake is worth 2 cents a pound there for feeding purposes. Those planters who use cotton seed for manure would find it to their advantage to club together and extract the oil first. The residual cake is worth a great deal more for manure after the oil has been extracted than before.—*Baltimore Leader.*

THE BEST GRASS FOR BUTTER.—If you aim at a great flow of milk, feed young timothy and white clover; if you aim at the best results, both in quantity and quality of butter, feed on fresh pastures of white clover and timothy in summer, and early cut timothy and wheat bran in winter. The grass must be cut when heading out; or better, young aftermath well cured. Avoid roots and garden stuff in general, if you wish a good quality of butter—though it is now held that those fed while milking or immediately before, will remedy the evil.—*Valley Farmer.*

RECEIPTS.

PLAIN BOILED PEARS.—Take the common French, or any small-sized acid pear; wash and wipe them clean, leaving on the stems. Put them in an iron kettle. To about half a peck of pears put a quart bowl full of sugar, and a teacupful of water; cover them, and boil over a slow fire until thoroughly cooked. Maple-sugar is the best, but any other will do.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Boil the quinces, with the peels and cores, in as little water as will cover them. Press the pulp through a sieve, and allow one and a fourth pound of loaf sugar for every pound of pulp; boil gently, stirring constantly, until it is reduced to a stiff mass, after which pack it in small jars and cover it with paper wet with the white of an egg. If of proper consistency it will cut like cheese.

QUINCE JELLY.—If quinces are high, a jelly may be made of the peels and cores; but if the fruit is plenty, boil the whole of it. Cover the fruit and boil until tender; then drain all the juice from the fruit, and allow a pound of the best sugar for every pint; boil a few moments, and put it in moulds. If the jelly appears cloudy, strain it through a flannel bag, after the sugar is dissolved, before it boils up. If the cores and peels are used alone, the jelly will be very stringy.

GINGER BEER.—Stir up in a gallon of boiling water, one pound of loaf sugar, one ounce of the best ginger, bruised, and one ounce of cream of tartar, (or, if preferred, a lemon sliced,) until the heat falls to that of new milk. Then, having poured one tablespoonful of good yeast upon a piece of bread, put it in the middle of the vessel, letting it float in the mixture. Cover the whole with a cloth, and let it stand for twenty-four hours, after which strain it and put it into bottles, filling each only about three parts full, cork them tightly, and tie them down. In warm weather this ginger beer will be ready to drink in two days. The quantities we have given will make from fifteen to eighteen bottles.

INK STAINS AND OTHER STAINS.—Ink stains can be removed out of woollen materials, carpets, table covers, &c., by applying milk, thus—with a rag or fine cloth gently sop up the ink, then have, according to the size of the stain, some milk in a bowl; gently touch the spot with the rag which has been thoroughly steeped in the milk, continue gently to wet the spot, then take a clean towel and wipe all over; if well done, no stain will remain. To take ink out of linen or muslin, if still wet, put the stained place into the milk; if dry, boil the milk and place the article in the milk while boiling. To take stains of fruit out of muslin, table serviettes, or pocket handkerchiefs, steep for twelve hours in fresh cold water, which should be in a large pan, or tub, or basin, according to the size of the article.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of five letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is found in most fruit.
My 1, 5, 3, is used by travellers.
My 1, 2, 3, 5, is a girl's name.
My 1, 4, 3, 4, means to cover.
My 1, 5, 3, 4, is man's companion.
My 2, 5, 3, is used by fishermen.
My 2, 4, 3, is a contraction.
My 2, 3, 4, is a native compound.
My 3, 5, 1, 4, is a kind of contest.
My 3, 2, 4, belongs to fishes.
My 3, 2, 5, 3, sometimes startles the traveller in the forests.
My 3, 4, 3, 4, occurs but seldom.
My whole is the name of a peninsula.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Rebus.

A city in Ohio.
A city in Georgia.
A city in Kentucky.
A city in Indiana.
A town in Virginia.
A town in Nebraska.
A town in New York.
A city in Tennessee.
A town in Iowa.
A town in Illinois.

My initials form the name of one of the United States. A. L. ROCKY.

Problem.

I have a picture, 36 inches in length by 12 inches in breadth. I wish to have it framed with a frame all parts of which are of equal width, whose area shall be 448 square inches. What is the width of the frame?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

The front wall of a house is 6 feet higher than the back wall; the width of the house is 40 feet, and the length of the back rafters is 30 feet. Required—the length of the front rafters, so that the pitch or steepness of the roof shall be the same on both sides of the house. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Problem.

In a ball alley 120 feet long, there is a ball carrier formed by joining two boards at an angle of 40 degrees, on which, if a ball six inches in diameter be propelled, with such force as to make 300 revolutions per minute, how long will it require for the ball to pass from the pin sticker to the pool board?

JOSEPH S. PHEBUS.

Nebraska City, Nebraska.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What suit is the most costly, and the less liked the longer it lasts? Ans.—A lawsuit.

☞ When is a bow not a bow? Ans.—When it's a bow-knot.

☞ What man seems to have the greatest turn for music? Ans.—An organ grinder.

☞ Who is the slave of old ocean? Ans.—The surf.

☞ When is a scheme like the third of a yard? Ans.—When it's a-foot.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of June 6th—13, 40 and 45. A. Martin.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—22 years old. W. H. Morrow, Ella Sharp, L. S. Knox.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of June 13th—2050-4274. A. Martin.

Answer to W. T. Stonebraker's PROBLEM of same date—A, $626 18-107; B, $719 67-107; C, $775 75-107. W. T. Stonebraker. A, $625.168+; B, $719.625+; C, 775.701+. L. S. Knox.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of June 20th—9-341. A. Martin.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—*If* the top falls up the plane the lengths will be 47, 75 and 52, 25 feet. If it falls down the plane the lengths will be 35 and 65 feet. E. P. Norton. If the pole falls down the incline the broken piece is 65 feet, the piece in the ground 35 feet. If it falls up, the broken piece is 47 feet 6 inches. D. M.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of June 27th—211-486. A. Martin.

Answer to J. S. Phebus's PROBLEM of same date—14.85 inches. J. S. Phebus. The width of each leaf is 15,05+ inches. L. S. Knox. 15 inches. S. Wilson.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of July 4th—A went 117 miles, B 130 miles. W. H. Morrow, J. S. Phebus, E. Sharp, C. A. Benjamin, C. H. Dean, J. N. Sodors, W. B. Mullins, W. T. Stonebraker, G. D. Fox, D. M., L. S. Knox, Hattie McBride and A. Reid.

PEACH PIE.—Line a deep pie-plate with nice paste; peel and halve as many peaches as will fill the plate; add a piece of butter the size of a walnut and a little sugar, be careful not to get it too sweet, and dust over a little flour. Cover with the paste and bake in a moderate oven. When the paste is baked, the fruit will be. Same serve with cream, but it is good enough without. Serve fresh. They may be made as tarts, without heating the fruit.

QUINCES, PEACHES, AND APPLE ICE-CREAM.—Grate some apples or other fruit very fine, and sweeten very sweet, and freeze.

COOL SUMMER DRINK.—Take one pound of finely-powdered loaf sugar, one ounce of tartaric or citric acid, and twenty drops of essence of lemon. Mix immediately, and keep very dry. Two or three spoonfuls of this, stirred briskly in a tumbler of water, will make a very pleasant glass of lemonade.

ABSINTHE.—Of all strong drinks, *absinthe* is said to be the least palatable at first, the most subtle in its immediate effect, the most fascinating in its continued influence, the most absolute in the bondage it enforces, and the most fearful in its results. Yet the Parisians are becoming more and more addicted to it. Its ravages are increasing every year, and are seen in the growing lists of idiocy, lunacy, furious madness and suicides. Many of the intoxicated people one meets with in France, are no doubt the victims, not of wine, but of absinthe.